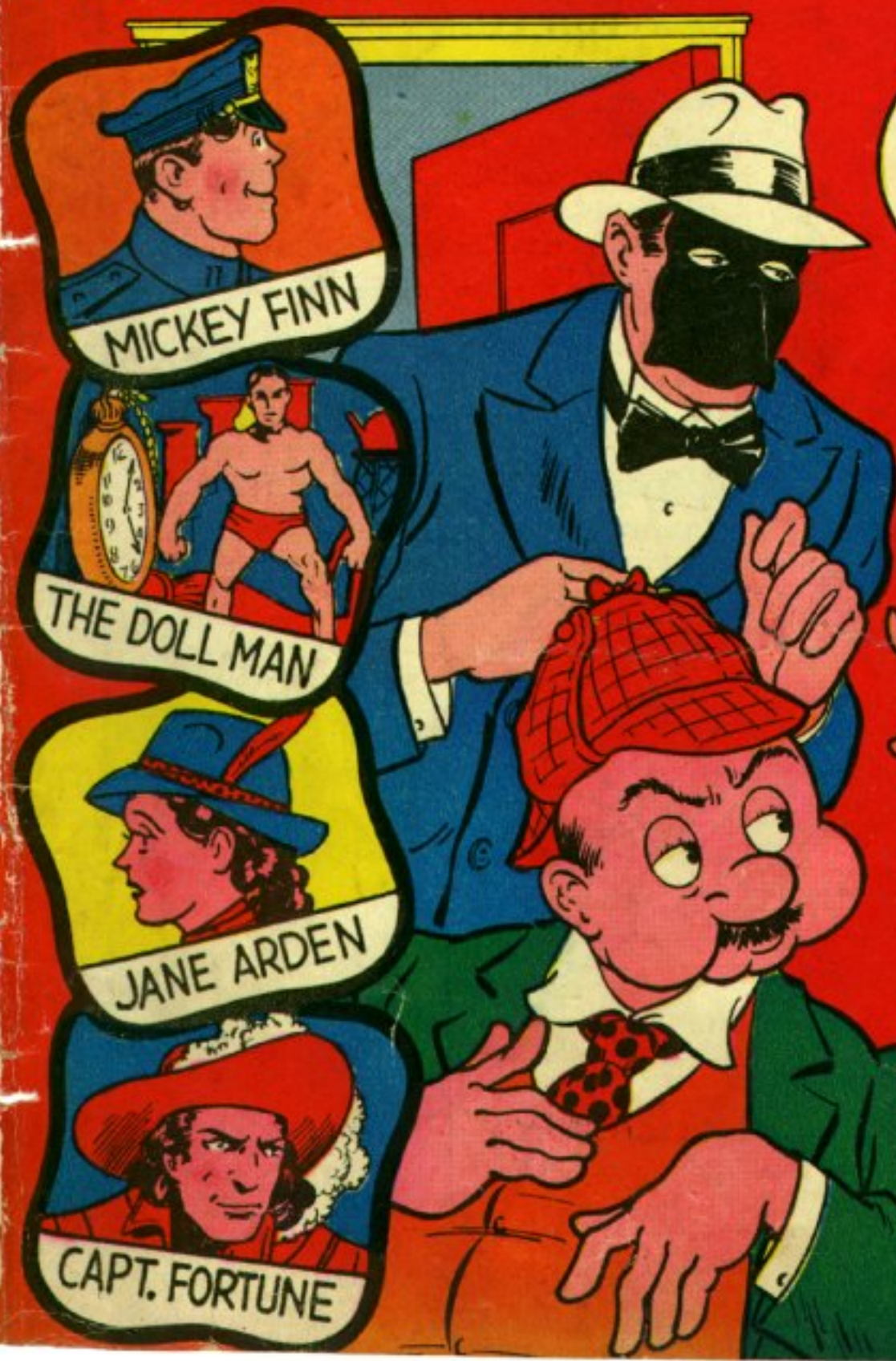




# FEATURE

COMICS

FEBRUARY



BUT VINCENT~  
IF YOU ARE THE  
CLOCK, WHO IS  
THAT BEHIND  
YOU?



10<sup>c</sup>  
No. 29





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





## All American ELECTRIC FOOTBALL

Size of all games  
14 x 16 inches.

*A new way to get all the FUN and THRILLS!*

**F**ELLOWS, All-American Electric Football offers a chance to match your "wits" and "strategy" against all comers—what's more it can't be beat for *action and thrills!*

You and your opponent are Coach, Quarterback, Line, Ends, Backfield, and Cheering Section of your respective teams! The player who knows smart football and who can out-manuever his opponent will control the yardage of the miniature football as it goes up and

down the gridiron . . . but the uncertainty of the game often gives the losing player a "fighting chance" and he may sweep down the field for a "touchdown" or a "smashing last-minute victory!"

Game comes complete, ready to play, with Miniature Football, Timing Device, Lights, and Batteries.

Be the popular owner of the champion of games—All-American Electric Football! 1940 MODEL, \$2.

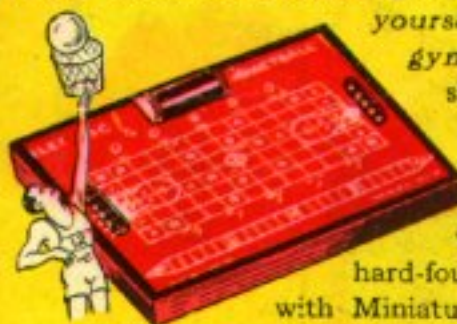
## Big League ELECTRIC BASEBALL

**PACKED** with *skill* and *action* this big new Electric Diamond furnishes plenty of *excitement*, and loads of opportunity for real *baseball strategy* whether you're "at bat" or "in the field!" You actually swing the "Electric Bat!" Knock Homers! Steal Bases! Fan 'Em Out! Even an "Electric Ump" renders decisions in Big League style! Complete with Base Runners, Lights, Batteries, Scoring Device, etc. 1940 MODEL, \$2.



## Collegiate ELECTRIC BASKETBALL

**STRATEGY**, skill, and luck, plus the *flash of electricity* make Electric Basketball great sport! You actually *feel yourself streaking down the old gym floor* sinking a "flashy shot" for the team! Plays and scoring are scientifically worked out from actual averages and are just what you'd meet on any hard-fought gym floor. Complete with Miniature Basketball, Timing Device, Lights, and Batteries, 1940 MODEL, \$2.



CLIP OR COPY COUPON TODAY!

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.  
6 Bridge Street, Holyoke, Mass.

Gentlemen: I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ Send *postpaid* at once the following:

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRIC FOOTBALL   | <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRIC BASEBALL          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRIC BASKETBALL | <input type="checkbox"/> "ALL THREE" ELECTRIC GAMES |

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# The DOLL MAN

By  
WILLIAM ERWIN  
MAXWELL

USING A SECRET SOLUTION THAT REDUCES HIM TO THE SIZE OF A DOLL, DARREL DANE BECOMES A TERROR TO THE UNDERWORLD.

DARREL DANE AND DR. ROBERTS ARE WORKING BUSILY IN THEIR WELL EQUIPPED LABORATORY.

HOW ABOUT GETTING SOME SLEEP DARREL?

I THINK I'LL WORK LATE TONIGHT.



DARREL, THERE'S A GENTLEMAN TO SEE YOU.



HOW D'YOU DO, SIR, I'M SIDNEY AMBROSE, THE DIRECTOR OF THE METROPOLIS MUSEUM.

YES?

I'VE HEARD QUITE A BIT ABOUT YOUR PRIVATE DETECTIVE WORK AND I BELIEVE YOU'RE JUST THE MAN WHO CAN AID ME. I'D LIKE YOU TO READ THIS NOTE.



THERE'D BE TOO MUCH UNFAVORABLE PUBLICITY IF I CALLED THE POLICE, SO I CAME TO YOU. OF COURSE YOU'LL BE WELL PAID. WILL YOU TAKE THE CASE?

FORGET ABOUT THE MONEY FOR THE PRESENT, AND LET'S GET STARTED ON THIS CASE RIGHT AWAY!



AN HOUR LATER, MR. AMBROSE, IN REALITY A SUAVE THIEF, TELLS HIS HENCHMEN OF HIS VISIT.



IT WORKED PERFECTLY!



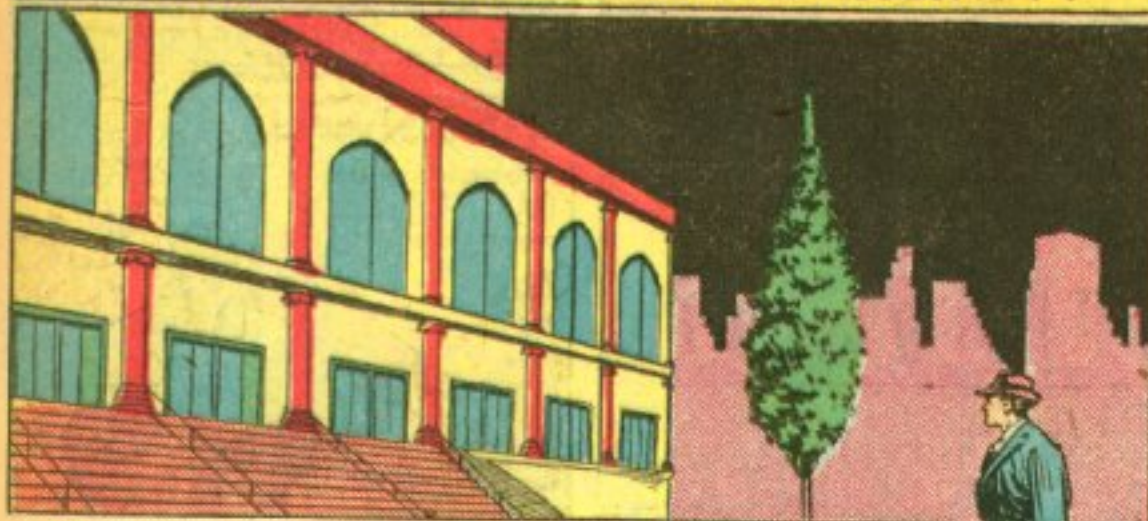
HE'S GOT THE KEY TO THE WEST WING. AS HE ENTERS, HE'LL TRIP THE ALARM AND THE GUARDS WILL COME AFTER HIM!

DURING THE EXCITEMENT, WE'LL TAKE THE PICTURES FROM THE EAST WING! WE CAN'T MISS!!





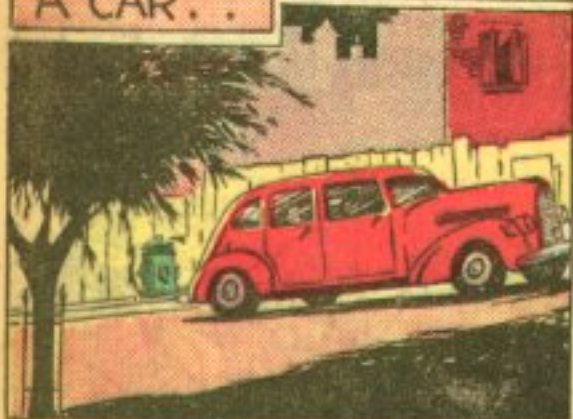
THAT NIGHT, DARREL GOES TO THE HUGE MUSEUM. . .



HERE'S THE DOOR.  
YEP, THE KEY FITS!  
NOW, TO GO TO  
AMBROSE'S  
OFFICE!



IN THE SHADOWS ACROSS  
THE STREET, A GROUP OF  
MEN WATCH DARREL FROM  
A CAR. . .



O.K., HE'S INSIDE-CMON,  
LET'S GET GOING!



AS DARREL PUSHES THE  
DOOR OPEN, THE LOUD  
CLAMOR OF A BURGLAR  
ALARM  
IS HEARD.



AT ONCE, HE IS ATTACKED BY  
A NUMBER OF MEN. . .



HE FIGHTS FURIOUSLY, BUT IS  
QUICKLY OVERPOWERED. . .



O.K. KEEP  
'EM UP!



AT PISTOL'S POINT, DARREL  
IS FORCED UP TO AN OFFICE.

WE CAUGHT THIS GUY  
BREAKING IN, DIRECTOR  
CARRUTHERS!



THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE!  
MR. AMBROSE HIRED ME  
TO PROTECT  
HIS GOYA  
PAINTINGS



AMBROSE? I KNOW OF NO  
SUCH PERSON!







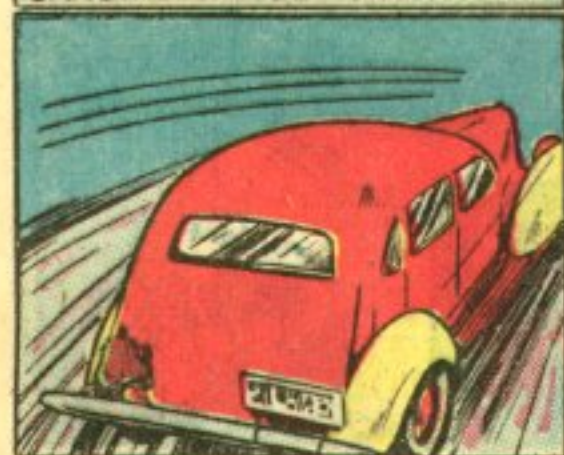
QUICKLY RUNNING TO THE EAST WING OF THE MUSEUM, DARREL SEES AMBROSE ESCAPING THROUGH A WINDOW....



CRASHING THROUGH THE GLASS, DARREL DASHES AFTER AMBROSE



UNAWARE OF DARREL HANGING TO THE REAR OF THE CAR, THE GANGSTERS SPEED AWAY.



THE THIEVES ARRIVE AT THEIR HIDEOUT WITH THE PAINTINGS DONE BY THE FAMOUS GOYA.



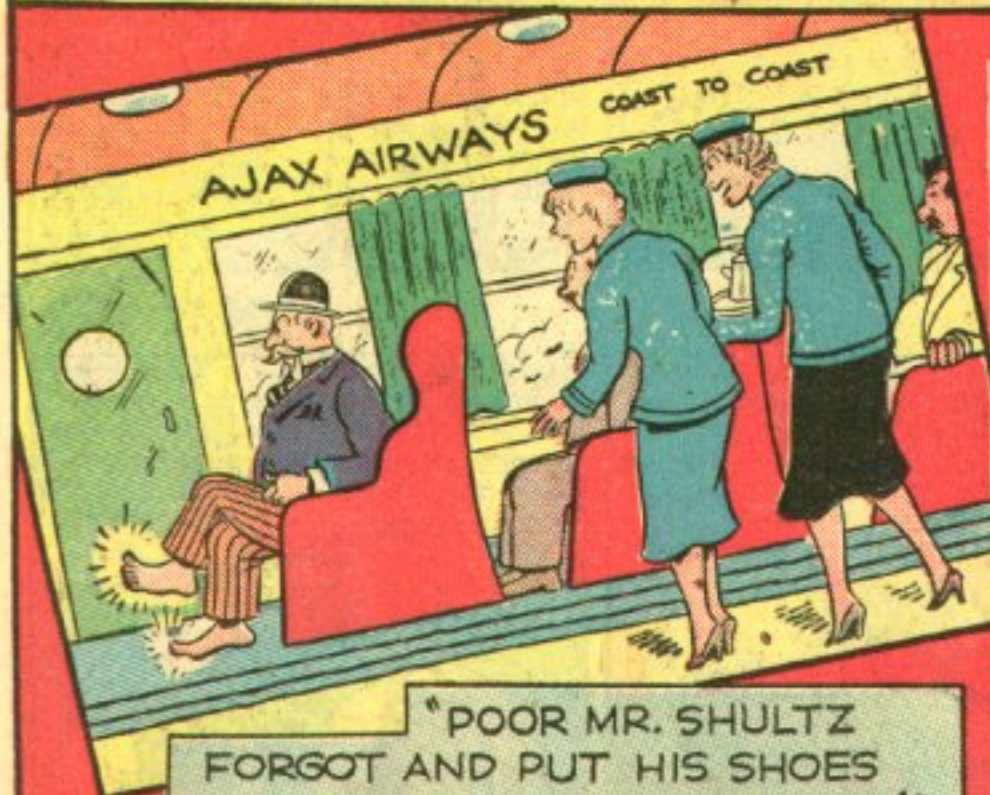




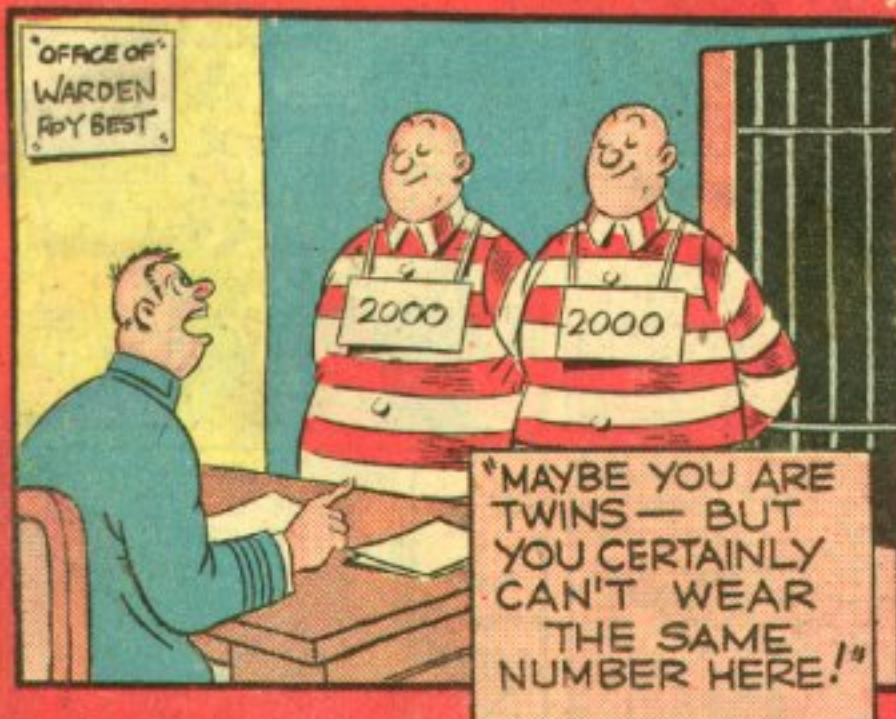
Another exciting adventure of The Dollman in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS.



# OFF THE RECORD *By ED REED.*



"POOR MR. SHULTZ FORGOT AND PUT HIS SHOES OUT TO BE SHINED LAST NIGHT!"



"MAYBE YOU ARE TWINS — BUT YOU CERTAINLY CAN'T WEAR THE SAME NUMBER HERE!"



"FOR TWO CENTS I'D GIVE UP WEARING A RIBBON AND LET MY HAIR FALL FREE!"

Get this hand-drawn instrument. NOW. Here's how. Just send your name and address. **SEND NO MONEY!** WE TRUST YOU with 24 packs of Garden Seeds to sell at 10¢ a pack. When sold send \$2.40 collected and WE WILL SEND this mahogany finish guitar and Five Minute Instruction Book absolutely FREE. Write for seeds NOW. A post card will do. Address: **LANCASTER COUNTY SEED COMPANY, Station 163, Paradise, Pennsylvania.**

**BOTH YOURS FREE** of extra cost. Sell only 15 pkts. seeds at 10¢ ea. Picture Ring & Birth Stone Ring Both Given. **ORDER TODAY. WE TRUST YOU.** Send No Money. **PARADISE SEED CO., Box 316 PARADISE, PA.**

**To You FREE** of extra cost. Sell only 15 pkts. "Garden" Seeds at 10¢ ea. Newest streamlined Pen, Automatic Pencil and Knife Set. **Order TODAY. WE TRUST YOU. SEND NO MONEY.** **Paradise Seed Co., Box 167 Paradise, Pa.**



**HASSIN**  
The MIND  
READER

"C'MON— DON'T JUST STAND THERE— SAY SOMETHING!"



"DEAR, I TOLD YOU NOT TO BRING FIDO INTO THIS OFFICE!"



# JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

HERE IS A  
PITCHER  
OF MY  
COUSIN  
HERMAN  
MAFFEL...  
STANDIN'  
BY  
HIS MOVIN'  
TRUCK.



OH—HERE'S  
MY OLD  
FRIEND,  
BATEESE...  
HE WAS  
FROM  
CANADA  
AN' KNOBBY  
SAID WHEELS  
WAS LOOSE  
IN HIS  
HEAD.



## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



HOW'S BUSINESS  
OVER AT YOUR  
RESTAURANT,  
JACK?

AWFUL! IF  
WE HAVE TWO  
CUSTOMERS  
FOR DINNER WE'RE  
LUCKY!



SAY—YOU KNOW  
MR. WEIDEBOTTOM  
—DON'T YOU?

AN' HOW!!  
HE'S TH'  
WORST  
CHISLER I EVER  
SAW!



WHY HE'S BEEN  
EATING AT MY PLACE  
FOR MONTHS ON  
CREDIT! AND ONLY  
THE BEST—HE  
OWES  
ME  
\$800!!

YA POOR  
SAP!  
WHY DID  
YA LET  
IM GIT  
AWAY WITH  
IT?



HE SAID HE GOT  
MY SISTER HER  
JOB WITH THE  
CITY---

HA—HA!!  
THAT FAT  
BLUFF AIN'T  
GOT NO  
PULL!



I THINK I'LL CALL  
THE PLACE AND  
SEE IF THERE'S  
ANY LATE  
BUSINESS—

OKAY—  
BUT DON'T  
HOLD UP  
OUR GAME!



BOY! GOOD NEWS!!  
"GOOD TIME HARRY  
GONKLEY" CAME IN  
WITH A PARTY--HE  
REALLY SPENDS BIG  
DOUGH!

I'LL SAY!  
HIS BILL  
WILL BE  
HIGH!



HRRMF---BY JOVE---  
BRRFSK--DON'T MIND  
SETTING A TABLE  
FOR ME,  
MY MAN!

?



BRRFSK!! AHM—  
GREETINGS, FOLKS!  
WHAT A JOLLY  
LITTLE CROWD!

W-WHAT?  
DOES  
ANYBODY  
KNOW THIS  
GUY, HARRY  
?



HERE—HERE--BRRFSK!  
I INSIST ON TAKING  
THIS CHECK!!

TWO  
HOURS  
LATER

?



YES—I'LL SIGN THE  
CHECK--AND I'M  
ADDING \$5.00 ON  
AS YOUR TIP!

?



JACK, YOUR MANAGER  
IS ON THE PHONE--  
HE SAID T'TELL YOUSE  
THAT CHECK WAS  
\$300--

WOW!  
THAT'S  
SURE  
A  
HELP!



--AN' HE SAID THAT  
MR. WEIDEBOTTOM  
KINDLY INSISTED ON  
SIGNIN' FER THE  
CHECK--  
AN'---

OOWW!  
I'M  
SUNK!



# JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

THIS HERE'S A PITCHER OF JIMMY McLARNIN, EX-WELTER CHAMPION—AND ONE OF TH' NICEST FELLAS IN THE BOXIN' GAME—

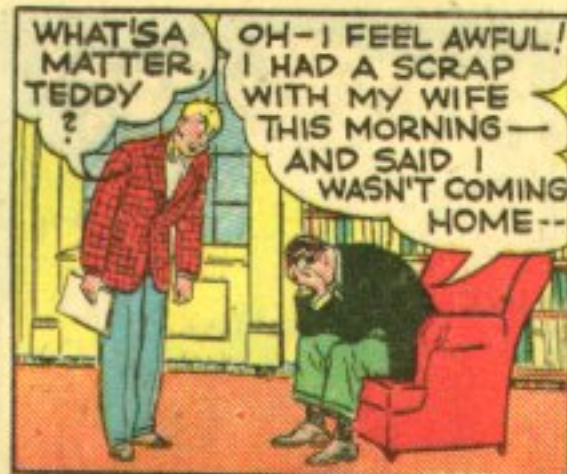


OH—HERE'S OLD MAXIE ROSEN-BLOOM, WHO USETA BE LIGHT-HEAVY KING—NOW HE ACTS IN MOVIES OUT IN HOLLYWOOD



## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER





# JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

AN' HERE IS A SHOT OF A MAN THAT WAS MY BUDDY... AN' A FINE AMERICAN.. TH' ONE AN' ONLY—WILL ROGERS—

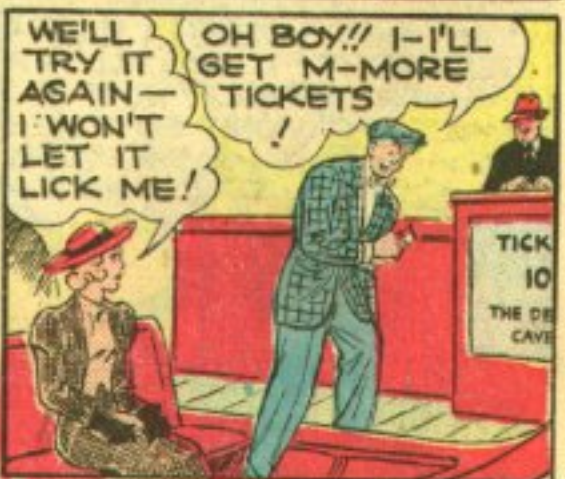


HERE'S A FOTO OF MR. A. ROMA -- OUR GARBAGE MAN. HE'S INGAGED T'MY FIRST COUSIN, HENRIETTA PALOOKA.



## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER





# JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

THIS IS A PITCHER OF ME WITH TWO OF MY PALS IN A COAL MINE BACK HOME. WE WORKED T'GETHER FER SOME TIME.

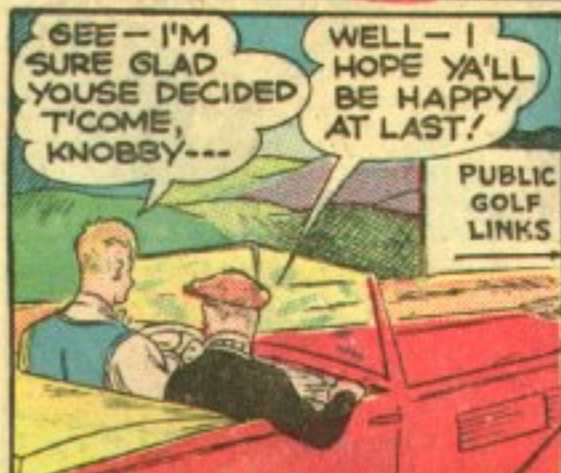


HERE'S MY BEST PAL, EMIL CASSIDY. HE'S AWFUL CLEVER AN' FOLKS SAYS THAT HE SHOULD GO ON TH' STAGE DOIN' IMITATIONS.



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



Follow Joe Palooka in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS--on sale January 31st.



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DEPEW

YOU TELL HER, NED!

EDITOR THE TATTLER

TELL HER YOURSELF, BUD SHEKELS

NED BRANT AND BUD SHEKELS! IF I'D KNOWN YOU WERE COMING, I'D HAVE HAD THE GAS LIT UNDER THE STEW!

PULL UP CHAIRS, BOYS, AND LET'S TRADE MOUTHFULS OF TALK -

THANKS FOR THE SWELL WRITEUP YOU GAVE ME, GAIL!

I WAS CONVINCED THAT INSTEAD OF BEING YOUR FAULT, NED'S FOOT INJURY WAS AN ACCIDENT - THAT'S ALL

AND THE DOC SAYS I MAY BE ABLE TO PLAY IN THE FIRST CONFERENCE HOCKEY GAME THIS WEEK!

SWELL / LET'S EAT ON THAT /

I CAN'T HEAR A WORD SHE'S SAYING, BUD - CAN YOU?

WHY DO GIRLS ALWAYS WANT TO EAT, BUD?

I KNOW ONE WHO BOUGHT HATS TO MATCH HER KNIVES AND FORKS!

NO MATTER WHAT SHE ORDERS, BRING HER COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS!

I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT COLERAINE BUNCH WILL BE OUT TO GET NED -

YOU MEAN THEY'LL DO SOMETHING TO HIS INJURED FOOT?

I MEAN THEY'LL TRY - BUT I'VE GOT A LITTLE PLAN TO SPOIL THEIR LITTLE SCHEME!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

THAT GUY BRANT MADE SUCH A MONKEY OF ME I FEEL LIKE CLIMBING A TREE!

HE SURE BEAT US WITH THAT WHIRLWIND DASH!

THAT STEEL PLATE OF HIS COVERED UP THE FOOT THAT WASN'T HURT—

AND YOU KEPT CRACKING THAT PLATE, TRYING TO GET HIM OUT OF THE GAME

THEY THOUGHT YOU WERE HARDLY ABLE TO SKATE, NED—THEN YOU CUT LOOSE!

YOU DESERVE THE CREDIT, BUD—THE PROTECTOR ON THE WRONG SHOE WAS YOUR IDEA

YOUR PLAN WORKED LIKE A CHARM, BUD—AND YOU WERE MARVELOUS, NED!

SAY, I PLAYED, TOO! I WAS THAT DAZZLING SKATER.

HOW ABOUT A DANCE WITH ME TO SHOW YOUR APPRECIATION, GAIL?

CAN'T HAVE A DATE WITH NED

I'D BREAK MY NECK FOR YOU, BUD, BUT NOT A DATE WITH GAIL

LISTEN, GAIL—LET'S BE PRACTICAL ABOUT THIS THING—

YOU GO OUT WITH NED AND HE'S SO UNINTERESTING YOU HAVE TO KEEP KICKING YOURSELF IN THE SHINS TO STAY AWAKE—

WELL, IF I WENT TO A DANCE WITH YOU, YOU'D KEEP KICKING ME IN THE SHINS—SO WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

WHAT'S THE IDEA, BUD?

SO YOU WON'T GET COLD BACK HERE, NED—I'M TAKING GAIL HOME!

HEY!

JUST ANOTHER OF THE SEASON'S MAJOR UPSETS, BUD!

IF I G-G-G-GET PNEUMONIA, I'LL S-S-S-SUE!

WE'LL STOP AT INTERVALS AND TAKE HIS PULSE AND TEMPERATURE, EH?



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEFEW





# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DEPEW



Ned Brant is continued in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS on arts January 31st



# LALA PALOOZA

BUT, VINCENT- YOU **HAVE** TO COME TO THE MASQUERADE-  
GO OUT AND HIRE A COSTUME AND  
MEET ME AT THE  
BALLROOM-

DAWGONE IT! LALA'S ALWAYS  
THINKIN' UP GOOFY IDEAS AN'  
INCLUDIN' ME IN 'EM!



AH, YES SIR, YOU ARE THE  
DEBONAIR TYPE - I HAVE  
THE VERY COSTUME  
FOR YOU,  
SIR-

OKAY, BUDDY-  
TROT 'ER  
OUT!



IF I LOOK LIKE I FEEL  
I MUST LOOK  
LIKE THE  
DICKENS!



GOSH-EVERYBODY'S STARIN'  
AT ME - I  
SHOULDA  
TAKEN A  
TAXI!



...AND IF YOU'RE  
NOT A GOOD BOY  
A MAN WITH A  
PITCHFORK AND  
HORNS WILL  
COME UP OUT  
OF THE GROUND  
AND--



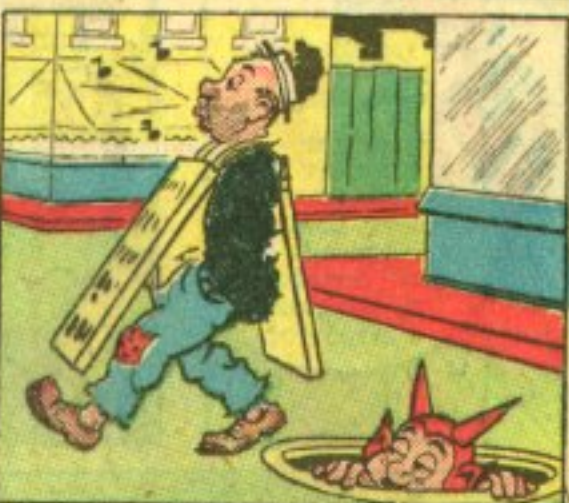
GOLLY, MOM-  
THERE HE  
IS  
NOW!



HUH-I GUESS I SCARED  
THOSE PEOPLE -  
MAYBE I'D BETTER  
STAY DOWN HERE  
'TIL THEY  
QUIT  
YELLIN'!



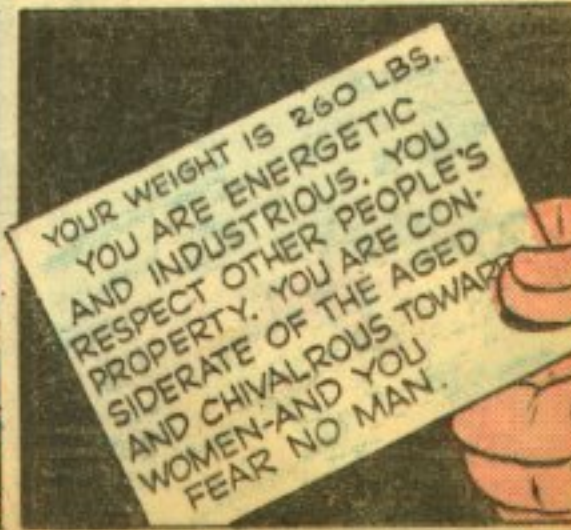
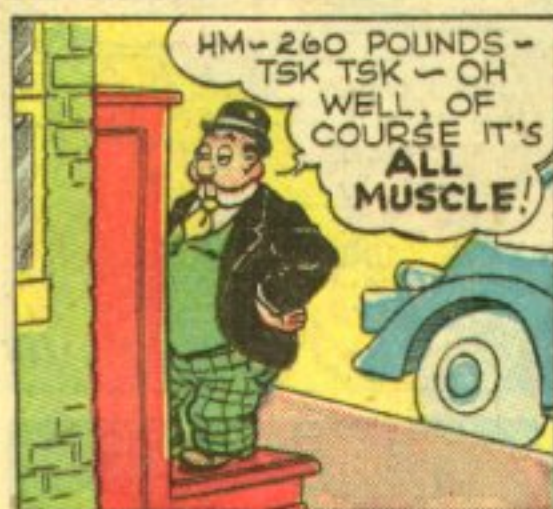
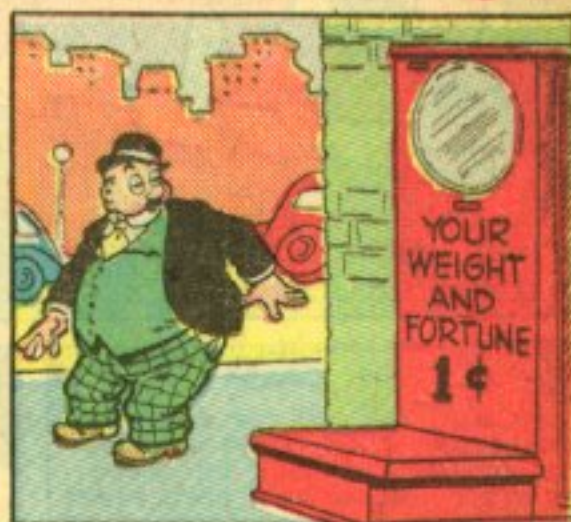
HELP  
POLICE





# LALA PALOOZA

VINCENT, IF LAZINESS WAS SAND YOU'D BE A SAHARA DESERT!



Lala Palooza appears every month in FEATURE COMICS.



# Charlie CHAN

by Alfred ANDRIOLA

## WHAT HAS HAPPENED....

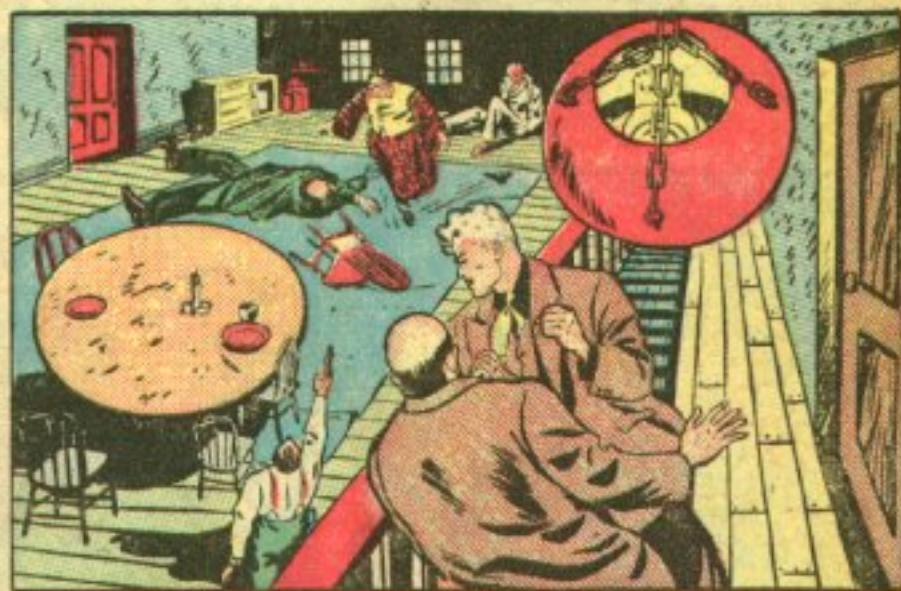
WITH CHARLIE MAS—  
OVERADING AS WILLIE  
SOO, A COOK, AND KIRK  
DISGUISED AS KEENO,  
ONE OF THE KIDNAPERS  
OF DONNA GRANT, THE  
TWO DETECTIVES HAVE  
BEEN LED TO THE  
ISLAND HIDEOUT BY  
DOC, ANOTHER MEMBER  
OF THE GANG.

THEY FIND DONNA,  
BUT KIRK IS FORCED  
TO SPLIT THE RANDOM  
MONEY WITH DOC, MIKE  
AND FROG.

EARLY THE NEXT  
MORNING....



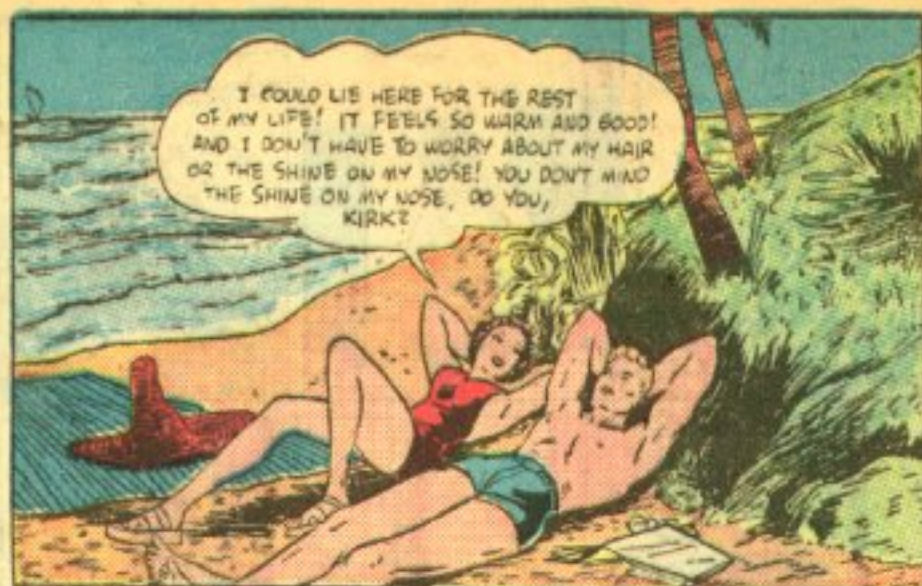










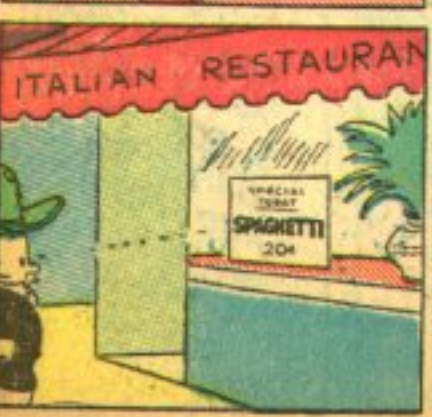
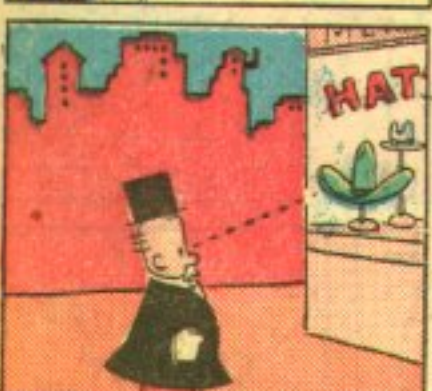


CONTINUED...  
FOLLOW  
CHARLIE CHAN  
AS HE LEAVES  
FOR THE  
UNITED STATES  
AND FURTHER  
ADVENTURE...  
IN THE NEXT  
ISSUE..



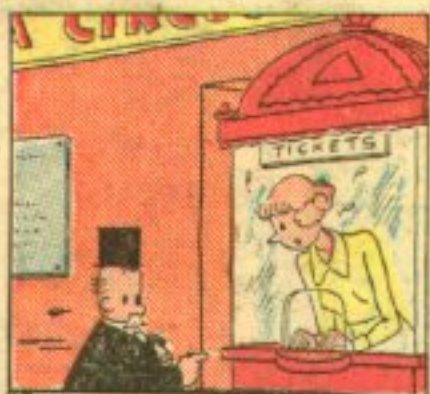
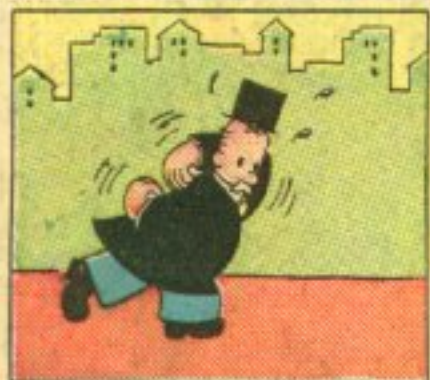
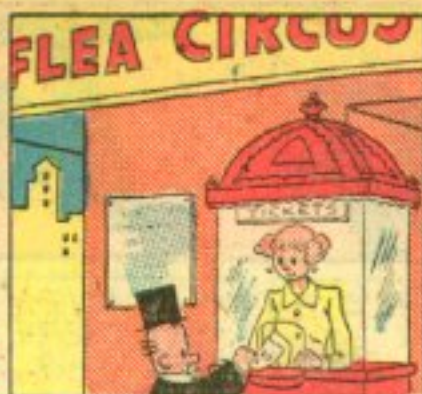
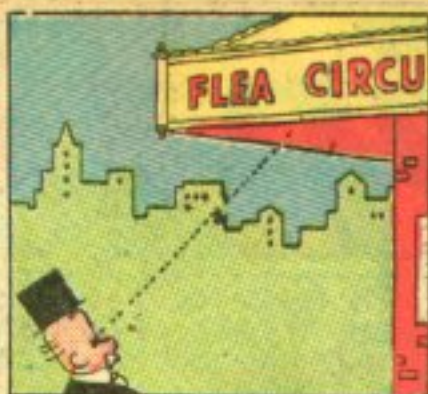
# TODDY

By  
GEORGE MARCOUX





# MORTIMER MUM



# TODDY

By  
GEORGE MARCOUX



More of Toddy and Mortimer Mum in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS.



# Big Top



I GOTTA WATCH  
OUT FOR KIDS  
SNEAKIN'  
INTA TH' BIG  
TENT!



AH!—THERE'S  
NUMBER  
ONE!



WHAT HAVE  
Y'GOT THERE,  
CASEY?—A  
BANK  
ROBBER?

TH' BOSS TOLD  
ME T'TOSS  
OUT ANY KIDS  
I CAUGHT  
SNEAKIN'  
INTA TH'  
BIG  
TENT!



BUT GOSH,  
CASEY, WHILE  
YOU'RE DOING  
THAT, BANDITS  
MAY BE HOLDING  
UP THE TICKET  
WAGON!

GOLLY! YER  
RIGHT—  
SAY, YOU  
TOSS THIS  
KID  
OUT,  
EH?



HEY, MIKE—THIS  
YOUNG FELLA  
WOULD LIKE  
TO EARN A  
TICKET  
TO THE  
SHOW!

SEND HIM  
OVER TO  
ALTA, THE  
ELEPHANT—  
SHE'S  
THIRSTY!



HUH—THIS IS A CINC—  
IF I THOUGHT GETTIN' A  
TICKET WAS GONNA BE  
THIS EASY I WOULDN'T  
HAVE TRIED  
T'SNEAK  
IN!



HM—IT'S FUNNY, BUT  
THESE PAILS AIN'T AT  
ALL HEAVY 'TILL Y'PUT  
WATER IN  
'EM—



WOW! THIS  
BABY TAKES  
A WHOLE  
PAIL OF  
WATER  
IN ONE  
SNIFF!

**F**  
**I**  
**V**  
**E**  
**P**  
**A**  
**I**  
**L**  
**S**  
**L**  
**A**  
**T**  
**E**  
**R**



PUFF PUFF—  
I'M BEGINNING  
TO GET AN  
AWFUL DISLIKE  
FOR  
ELEPHANTS!

**T**  
**E**  
**N**  
**P**  
**A**  
**I**  
**L**  
**S**  
**L**  
**A**  
**T**  
**E**  
**R**



PUFF.. PUFF..  
HEY—DIDN'T YOU  
EVER HAVE A  
DRINK  
BEFORE?



PHIEW! I'M LICKED—  
I'VE CARRIED  
ENOUGH WATER  
T'FLOAT THE  
QUEEN MARY!



HEY, KIDDO—THE SHOW'S  
GONNA START—HERE'S  
A TICKET!

**T**  
**W**  
**O**  
**H**  
**O**  
**U**  
**R**  
**S**  
**L**  
**A**  
**T**  
**E**  
**R**  
**—**  
**T**  
**H**  
**E**  
**B**  
**I**  
**G**  
**S**  
**H**  
**O**  
**W**  
**I**  
**S**  
**O**  
**V**  
**E**  
**R**  
**..**



HI THERE,  
SONNY—  
WASN'T  
IT A  
GREAT  
SHOW  
?

I DON'T KNOW—  
I WAS SO TIRED  
FROM CARRYIN'  
WATER THAT  
I SLEPT ALL  
THROUGH  
IT!!



# BIG TOP

HEY, BUTCH—  
I WANT TO  
TALK TO  
YOU





**GOOD  
DEEDS  
DIXIE**



# DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL





**GOOD  
DEEDS  
DIXIE**



## DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



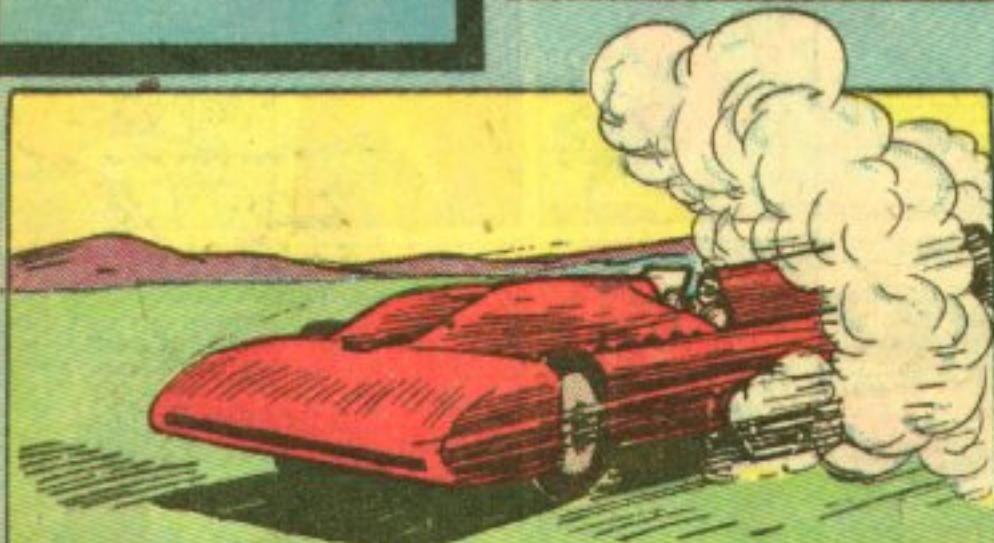
Read Dixie Dugan each month in FEATURE COMICS.



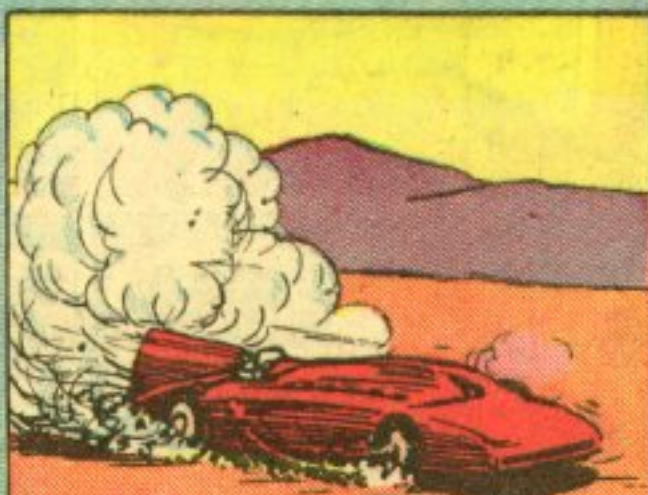
# THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About  
the Fastest  
Mile Ever  
Traveled  
on Land

Facing death every second, England's famous Sir Malcolm Campbell sent his Bluebird Special over the salt beds of Utah. He roars over the measured mile in 11.83 seconds!



WATCH OUT! AS HE SLOWS DOWN  
A TIRE BLOWS--- HE MAY BE KILLED!!



HE GRIPS THE WHEEL...  
... QUICK HANDS CHANGE  
TIRES... HE'S OFF AGAIN!!

The huge man-made monster seems eager to wrench itself free from those masterful driving hands as it thunders back over the course and fairly flies across the finish line in 12.08 seconds.

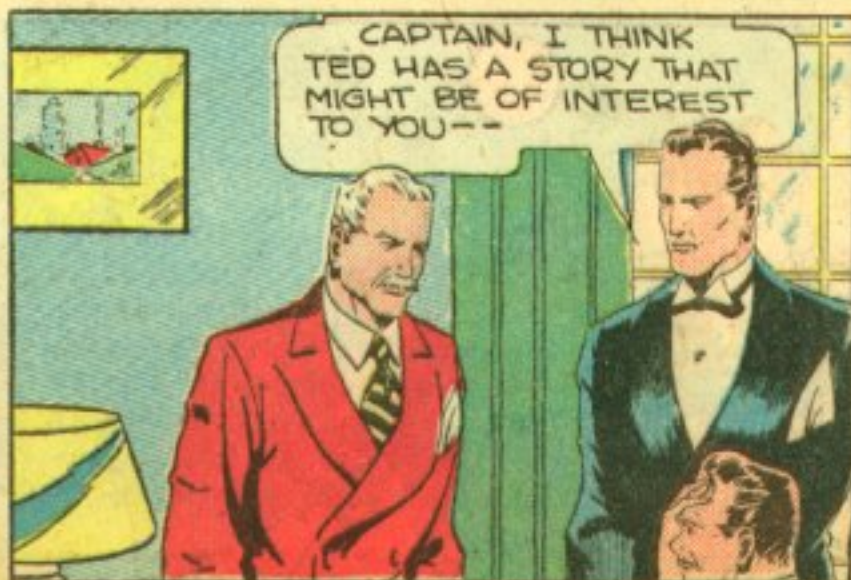


It was Sept. 3, 1935, that this fearless Briton, Sir Malcolm Campbell, twice flashed over the salt at an average speed of 301.1262 miles an hour... the greatest speed ever made on land!

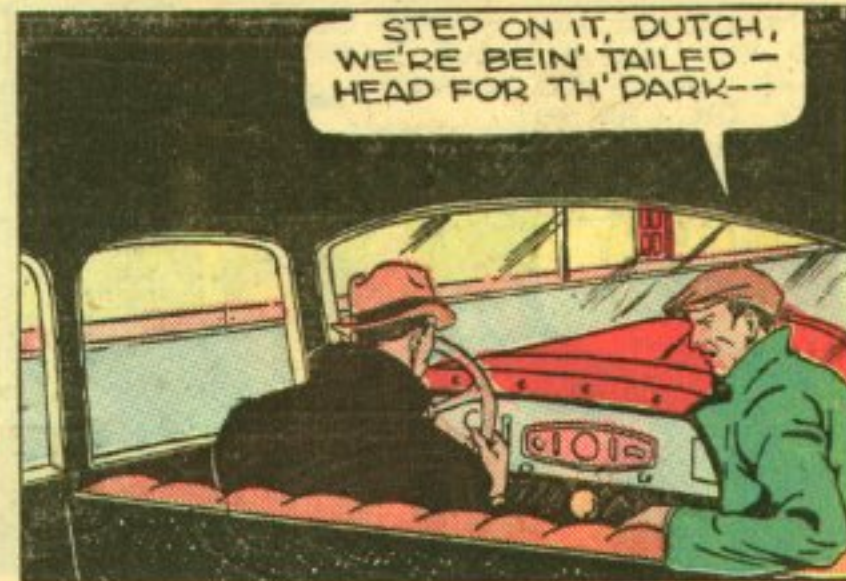
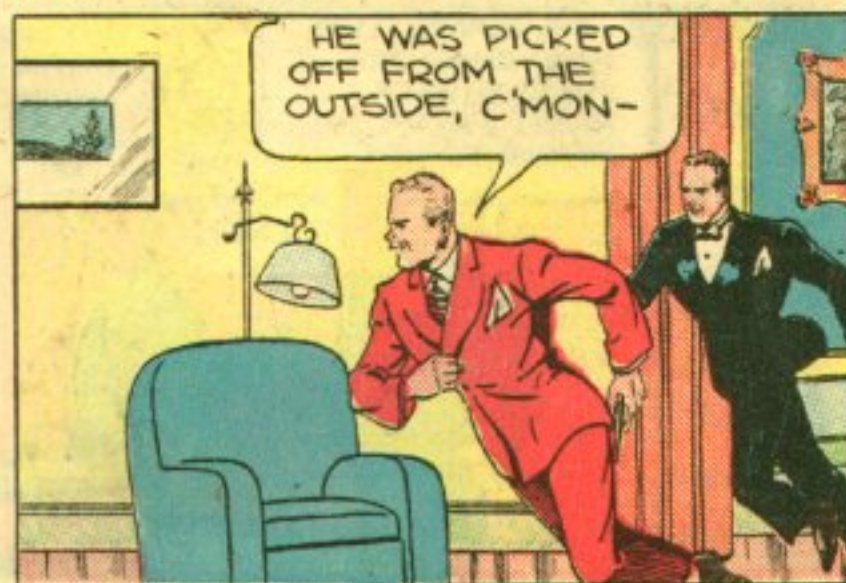




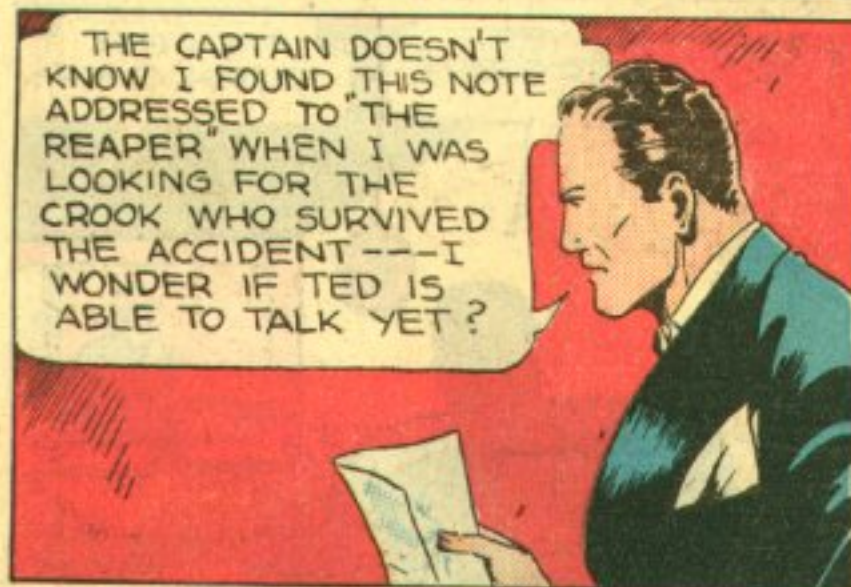
BRIAN  
O'BRIEN,  
ACE  
CRIMIN-  
OLOGIST,  
RECEIVES  
A  
PHONE  
CALL--











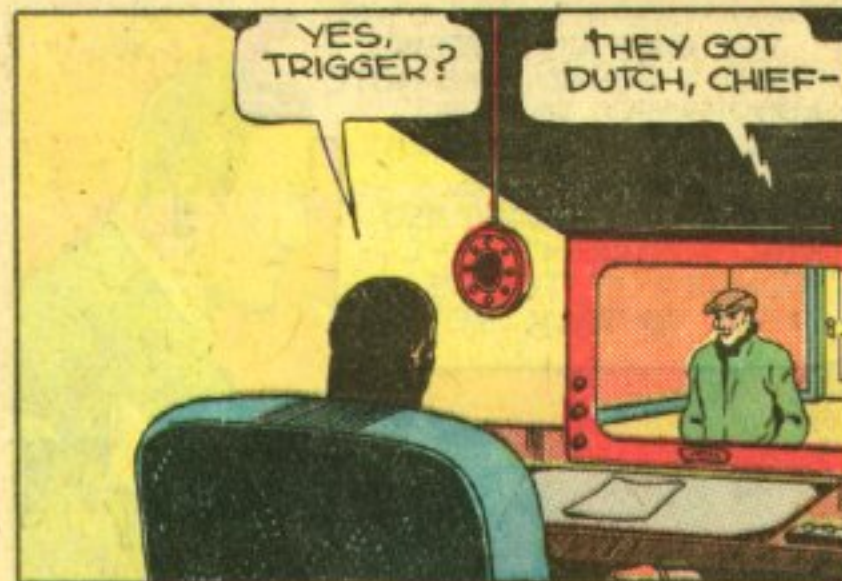




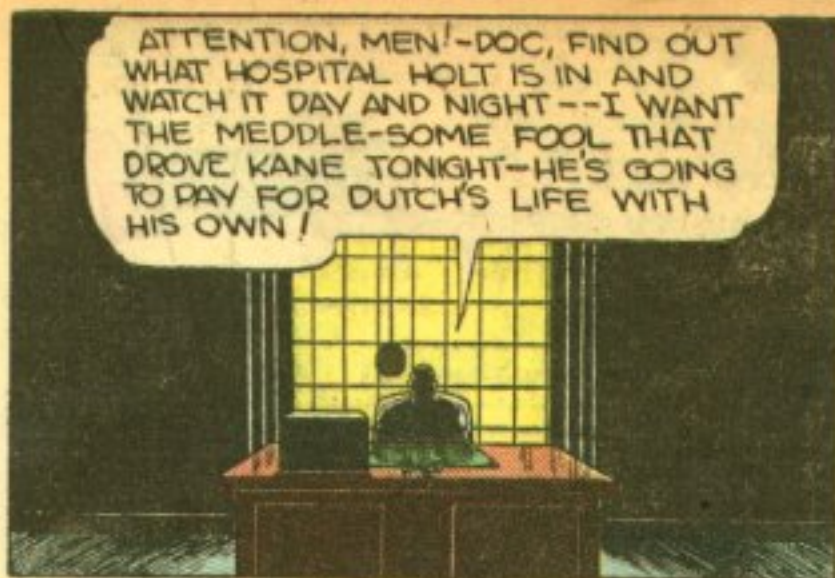
DUE TO HIS CONDITION, HOLT'S VOICE BEGINS TO WEAKEN



MEANWHILE







Another episode of The Clock in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS.



# RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

## BRAIN DERBY BRIDGE TABLE TEST

SHOULD A PERSON BE A  
WRESTLER TO OPEN A  
BRIDGE TABLE?

SHOULD YOU CHOP OFF  
A TABLE'S LEGS TO SUIT  
A PLAYER'S HEIGHT?

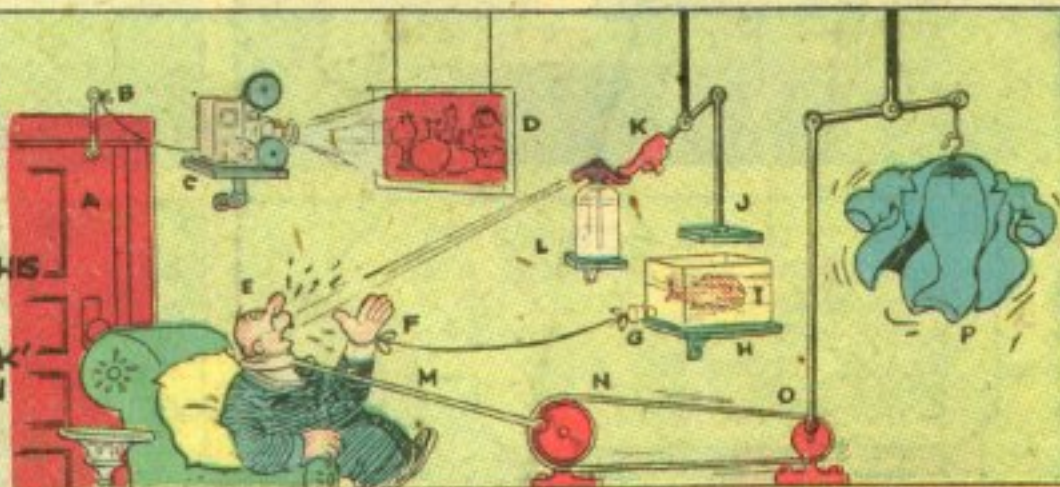
IF A PLAYER PUTS HIS  
FEET ON THE TABLE SHOULD  
EVERYONE ELSE GO TO THE MOVIES?

OUR SPECIAL BRIDGE  
TABLE TO PREVENT  
PARTNERS FROM  
GIVING SIGNALS  
UNDER THE TABLE...

## OUR VERY LATEST INVENTION

OR HOW TO AVOID LEAVING MONEY OR  
KEYS IN YOUR SUIT WHEN IT GOES TO  
THE TAILOR.

WHEN TAILOR ENTERS DOOR 'A'--STRING 'B'  
TURNS ON MOVIE MACHINE 'C' SHOWING AN  
AWFULLY BAD PICTURE--MIDGET 'E' IS  
BORED, AND LIFTS ARM 'F' TO YAWN--THIS  
PULLS CORK 'G' AND LETS WATER FROM  
TANK 'H'-- BLOWFISH 'I' SWELLS UP,  
PUSHING PISTON 'J' AND CAUSING HAND 'K'  
TO SQUIRT SYPHON INTO MIDGET'S OPEN  
MOUTH--HE JERKS MADLY, STARTING  
WHEELS WHICH SHAKE ROD AND COAT....  
THUS ANY MONEY OR KEYS JINGLES....



## FOOLISH QUESTIONS--NO. 205384-191



OHH--NO  
MATTER HOW  
I LIE ON  
THIS BED  
I CAN'T  
GET TO  
SLEEP



HEY!  
YOU  
WITH  
THE  
SHEEP--COME  
HERE A MINUTE!



384-385--  
386-387--  
388-389--  
390-3--  
ZZZZZZ--  
ZZZ



NIBBSY--  
THAT'S  
ME!



## CANDID CARTOONS

--MY FRIENDS, AS I LOOK  
INTO ALL YOUR SMILING FACES  
IN THIS HUGE HALL AND HEAR  
THE THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE,  
I FEEL VERY HAPPY  
INDEED---



WILL YA LISSEN  
T' THAT HOOEY!  
AND PEOPLE  
LISTENING  
IN REALLY  
BELIEVE  
HIM---



LOOKIT THE  
PORTER,  
WAITIN'  
TO  
SWEEP  
UP!



HEY! WHY DIDN'T  
THOSE OTHER CARD  
HOLDERS DOWN  
THERE SHOW UP?



BLAME  
IT ON  
WILBUR

## TWISTED TALES



THE PARENTS OF  
WHISPERING OTTO ZENN,  
WERE AFRAID HE'D  
NEVER SPEAK UP  
BEFORE MEN....



WHILE THE FOLKS OF  
FULL-THROATED WINDY  
MCJOYCE,  
SAID HE'D WIN RENOWN  
WITH THE SOUND  
OF HIS VOICE....



BUT ZENN'S SMALL  
VOICE IS HEARD  
EVERYWHERE--  
FOR HE'S A CROONING  
HIT ON THE AIR....



WHILE WINDY MCJOYCE  
IS A HOG-CALLER NOW,  
AND IS HEARD BY  
ONLY PORKER AND  
SOW!!



# JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross

JANE HAS TRIED TO HELP THE FEDERAL MEN LOCATE THE STOLEN GEMS ON "THE MAN WITH THE SCAR"~





# JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross

YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD ME WHEN I SHOWED YOU WHERE I WAS HIDING THE GEMS! HA-HA!!— BUT YOUR AGENTS DIDN'T FIND THEM!

DON'T BE A SAP--- I'VE DONE TOO MANY JOBS TO BE IN WITH THE LAW---

SAY! I'VE BOUGHT "STUFF" FROM HER—I'M IN A SPOT!

SO AM I IN A SPOT!

WELL—SHE SERVED A GOOD PURPOSE-- BECAUSE I SMUGGLED THE GEMS

INTO THE COUNTRY IN HER OWN COAT! HA HA!!

BUT, YOU MUST HAVE TRUSTED ME TO KNOW I'D COME HERE!

I KNEW IT WAS PART OF YOUR SCHEME!

BUT I COULD HAVE HAD RUCKER HERE ARRESTED BEFORE!

AND I CHECKED UP ON HER BEFORE I DEALT WITH HER!!

WELL, NOW THEY GOT US BOTH IF SHE GETS AWAY—

BUT SHE WON'T LEAVE HERE— SO WE HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF THE GOVERNMENT AGENTS....

JANE HAS MET THE MAN WITH THE SCAR AT RUCKER'S BY NOW---

WE MUST HURRY— HE'LL KNOW BY NOW THAT JANE IS WORKING WITH OUR FEDERAL OFFICE!

SHE MAY BE IN A TRAP RIGHT NOW!

WITHOUT HER, WE HAVEN'T ANY CASE-- AND HE KNOWS IT!

STEP ON IT-- WE MAY BE TOO LATE!

AS LENA AND THE STRANGER ARE FIRED UPON

OHH—THEY PROBL'Y THINK YOU'RE A REVENOOR!

DON'T SHOOT—I'M A GOVERNMENT MAN!!

LET 'IM HAVE IT, BOYS—I TOLD YA HE WAS A REVENOOR!

LOOKIT--HE'S WAVIN' A WHITE FLAG—LET'S HEAR WHAT HE GOT T'SAY---

LISTEN—I'VE GOT TO FIND REB PERKISER TO GIVE HIM THIS FARM RELIEF CHECK FOR \$4.48!!

HEY! I'M REB PERKISER--GIMME THAT!! D'YA HEAR??

MONEY? DON'T LET 'IM GIT AWAY FROM HEAH!

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE





# JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross

RUSHING TO JANE'S AID, THE AGENTS NOW ENTER THE STORE OF THE CROOK RUCKER—



WHAT IS IT, GENTLEMEN?

WE WISH TO SEE MR. BARNABY RUCKER!



MOVE ASIDE—WE'RE OFFICERS!!

Y-YOU SEE---!! HE'S A VERY BUSY MAN—



COPS!! THEY WON'T GET HIM---I'LL BUZZ THE ALARM!!



OHH!!—THE RAID ALARM! THE COPS HAVE FOLLOWED HER HERE!!



HERE—I PRESS A SECRET WALL BUTTON AND A DOOR OPENS—



FOLLOW ME-- QUICKLY!!

HMM--- I MUST PREVENT THEM FROM ESCAPING---



THIS SECRET DOOR WILL SAVE US!! HURRY—

C'MON, JANE! HURRY ON IN THERE!



QUICK!! CLOSE IT, RUCKER!

W-WHY—IT WON'T SHUT! IT MUST BE JAMMED!!



SO! THE COPS, EH?

OKAY—PUT UP YOUR HANDS—FAST!



AT LAST YOU HAVE "THE MAN WITH THE SCAR," CHIEF-- ALSO MR. RUCKER, HIS LOCAL BUYER!

WHAT SAPS WE WERE!

THAT JAMMING THE DOOR WAS FAST THINKING, JANE!



SURE—I'M REB PERKISER—I DIN'T KNOW YA HAD MONEY FER ME ER I WUN'T HAVE SHOT!

T-THANKS—YOU SEE, IT'S A CHECK!

WULL, IT DON'T LOOK LIKE MONEY!



NAW!! HE'S PULLIN' A TRICK ON US!!

THAT CHECK IS WORTH \$4.48!!



YOU CAN GET C'MON, MONEY FOR IT AT ANY BANK!

GAL-- FETCH TH' CHECK OVER HEAH!



WULL, THAR'S A BANK! LET'S SEE YA TURN THAT PAPER INTA MONEY!



WAIT! NOT THE BANK OF A STREAM!!

AH KNEW YA WUZ DAFFY, GAL!

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE FOR MEN





## by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross

THANKS,  
ED!

WOW!  
THIS  
ARDEN  
GAL  
GETS  
THE  
SCOOPS

NEXT I'D  
LIKE TO  
WORK ON  
A STORY  
THAT'S  
REST-  
FUL  
--LIKE  
MAYBE  
A NICE  
WAR!

JANE—  
YOU'RE  
TAKING  
A LITTLE  
VACATION!

WHAT?  
WHERE  
CAN  
I GO  
?

THAT'S UP  
TO YOU —  
BUT YOU  
DESERVE A  
QUIET REST

AM I  
HAPPY?

AW-  
STOP  
KIDDIN',  
JANE!

C'MON-  
HELP ME  
PACK TO  
GO ON MY  
VACATION,  
SUE!

NO --- I  
MEAN IT,  
SUE!! DO  
YOU HAVE  
A PIN  
HANDY?

NOW  
WHAT  
ARE  
YOU UP  
TO?

**WATCH!**

THERE'S A  
MAP OF THE  
LAKE COUNTRY--  
WHERE THIS PIN  
STICKS, I'M GOING.

BOUNTY  
LAKE

BOY—WILL  
WE HAVE  
A SWELL  
TIME!!

HMM-  
BOUNTY  
LAKE!  
IT  
SOUNDS  
NICE--

## WHAT WILL I WEAR?

SAY!! I  
WAS  
TAKING  
THIS  
VACATION

OH SURE--  
BUT YOU  
WOULDN'T  
LEAVE ME  
HERE ALL  
ALONE,  
JANE!

HERE'S  
ONE  
MORE  
BOX OF  
MINE,  
JANE--  
I'M  
SORRY  
TO LOAD  
YOU UP  
SO  
MUCH!

OH-  
DON'T  
MIND, SUE!  
I LIKE BEING  
A TRUCK //

BUT, REB-TAKE THIS  
CHECK TO A BANK IN  
TOWN TO CASH  
IT--

BUT-A REAL BANK IS WHERE THEY HANDLE MONEY--- SEE?

IF YE WANT  
BANK, WHUT  
ATTER WITH  
EEK BANK?

SHE'S RIGHT—TAKE IT  
TO A REAL BANK--

WHY  
CAN'T YO'  
TAKE IT,  
FO' ME?

YOU  
MUST  
DO THAT  
IN PERSON!

WAL-YO' ALL  
WATCH TH'  
STRANGER 'TIL  
I GIT BACK!

WE  
SHO'  
WILL

HEY-WHY DON'T  
YE TAKE TH'  
GAS BUGGY? NOW'S  
YER CHANCE 'TTRY  
ONE OUT!

NOPE! THEM THINGS IS AGIN' ALL LAWS OF NATURE!

## A vintage fashion illustration on a red background. On the right, a woman with dark hair is shown from the waist up, wearing a bright yellow strapless tube top and matching yellow shorts, with black high-heeled sandals. To her left, several clothing items are displayed as if on hangers or laid out. These include a blue long-sleeved dress with a ruffled front, a green plaid long-sleeved shirt with a black belt, a red long-sleeved dress with a blue jacket draped over the shoulders, a green long-sleeved dress with a ruffled front, and a brown long-sleeved dress with a black belt. There are also several hats: a blue hat, a yellow hat, a red hat, and a green hat. The items are arranged in a way that suggests a collection of fashion choices.



# OFF *The* RECORD

By ED REED,

## It's REAL Printing!

You bet it's real printing.



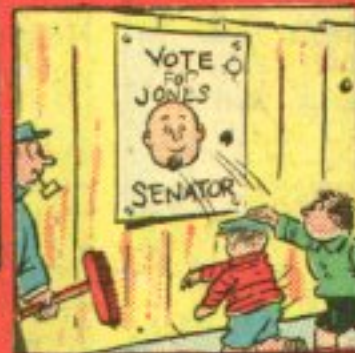
Kelsey Presses  
Meriden, Conn.

Any boy can operate a Kelsey Printing Outfit, and print real professional cards, stationery, tickets, etc., make money printing for people near your home. A REAL printing press, not a sheet-metal toy. Junior Outfits as low as \$8.25, larger job presses \$16.55 & up. Easy rules with every outfit, any boy can use them; have fun and make money at the same time. Send 10c for Catalog No. 519, showing presses, outfits and full details.



"SPIKE JUST CAN'T STAND SEEING ME HURT!"

"THEY'RE MAD AND GOING BACK HOME BECAUSE I WON'T TEACH ANY OF THEM TO DRIVE!"



"GOSH - WE CAN'T HIT HIM NOW - HE HAS GLASSES!"



## YOUNG SCIENTIST AMAZES HIS DAD!

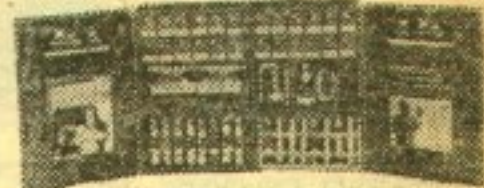
THERE YOU ARE, DAD! THAT'LL KEEP FROST FROM FORMING ON THE WINDSHIELD.

SIMPLY AMAZING HOW MANY CLEVER THINGS DICK CAN DO SINCE HE GOT HIS CHEMCRAFT OUTFIT

You too can amaze your Dad and your friends, and obtain much valuable and interesting knowledge if you have a Chemcraft outfit. Each outfit is a complete Home Laboratory with all necessary apparatus and chemicals to perform the hundreds of interesting experiments explained in the manuals.

## CHEMCRAFT

CHEMICAL OUTFITS are the original chemistry outfits—accurate, scientific and containing no dangerous substances. Only in Chemcraft outfits do you find such exclusive features as Chemical Magic — Alcohol Lamp Blow Torch for Glass Blowing — Spectroscope and many others.



Outfit No. 5—Contains 62 chemicals, pieces of apparatus and equipment with special alcohol lamp blow torch for glass blowing and heating. Manual explains over 450 fine experiments with additional manual on Glass Blowing and construction of Home Laboratory. Packed in stand-up laboratory-type cabinet with hinged doors; size open 37 x 13 1/4 in. Price \$5.00.

Outfit No. 1 — Just think — 160 dandy experiments, 22 chemicals and pieces of apparatus, including test tube rack and spring test tube holder. The finest beginner's outfit. Price \$1.00.

See these and many other Chemcraft outfits at your favorite store.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

"Experiments in Chemistry"—a treasure house of information and entertainment. Tells how to do more than 40 interesting experiments in Chemistry, Microscopy, Physics, Biology, Electricity, etc. Mail coupon today for this fascinating book. It's absolutely FREE.

THE PORTER CHEMICAL COMPANY  
49 Prospect Ave., Hagerstown, Md.

Please send me your free book "Experiments in Chemistry."

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....



# REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED

by ART PINAJIAN

SO, THE "FLYING DEATH" HAS STRUCK AT BIG EAGLE'S TRIBE AND KILLED A BRAVE—WELL—I'VE GOT TO CLEAR IT UP...SO HERE GOES!!

I'M SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT RED WING'S DEATH, CHIEF BIG EAGLE—I'M HERE TO FIND OUT WHO DID IT!!

GOOD, RED COAT—BIG EAGLE WILL TRY TO HELP YOU—

HMM—FANCY MEETING YOU HERE, DU BOIS! BEEN GETTING AROUND A LOT LATELY, EH?

REMEMBER DU BOIS, YOU'VE GOT A PRISON RECORD—AND IF I SEE YOU MAKE A WRONG MOVE I'LL RUN YOU IN—UNDERSTAND??

YES SIR!

I'M GOING STRAIGHT NOW, SERGEANT—AND DOING BUSINESS WITH SOME BRAVES! BIG EAGLE HERE CAN PROVE THAT—WELL—SEE YOU LATER!

HIM—TRICKY FELLER—KEEP EYE ON HIM—MAKES TROUBLE HERE!

YES—I WILL, CHIEF—NOW, HOW ABOUT GIVING ME THE DETAILS OF RED WING'S DEATH??

BRAVE WAS KILLED WITH POISONED DART—HERE IS NOTE FOUND BESIDE BODY!!

POISONED DART, EH?—LET'S SEE THAT NOTE!!

RED WING WAS GOOD INDIAN—HOPE YOU BRING KILLER TO JUSTICE!!

HE WHO DOES NOT FOLLOW MY ORDERS, DIES!!  
—THE FLYING DEATH—



AT THE DEAD INDIAN'S WIGWAM... REYNOLDS SEARCHES FOR CLUES -



NOTHING HERE THAT CAN BE OF MUCH HELP - THERE ARE TOO MANY CONFUSING FOOTPRINTS--



HELLO -!! WHAT'S THIS??

RED COAT, LOOK!! I FIND NOTE IN WIGWAM FROM "FLYING DEATH"!



YOU HAVE NOT CARRIED OUT MY WISHES - TONIGHT YOU SHALL DIE -! THE FLYING DEATH



UGH - PLEASE HELP!! SO THAT TONIGHT I DO NOT GO TO HAPPY HUNTING GROUND!!!

DON'T WORRY - JUST TAKE ME TO YOUR WIGWAM!



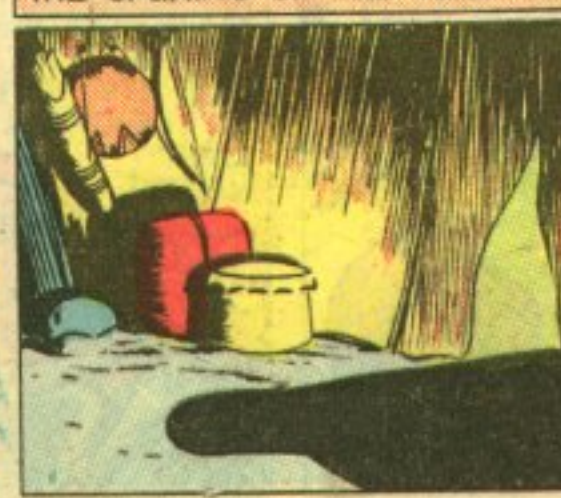
THIS PILE OF BLANKETS IS SUPPOSED TO BE YOU - TONIGHT I'LL BE HIDING HERE TO GIVE THE "FLYING DEATH" A HEARTY WELCOME!

IN A DARK CORNER OF THE WIGWAM, REYNOLDS SILENTLY WAITS -- SUDDENLY...



HMM - NOW WHAT'S THIS?

--A SHADOW FALLS ACROSS THE OPENING OF THE TENT--



THEN A WHIZZING SOUND BREAKS THE SILENCE AS A DART FLIES INTO THE PILE OF BLANKETS!!!



STOP -!!



"FLYING DEATH" EH? IN A MOMENT THIS CASE WILL BE CLEARED UP --



---AND REYNOLDS LEAPS FROM HIS HIDING PLACE...













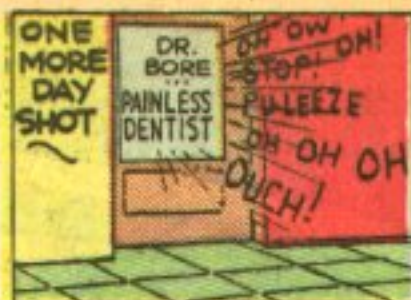
## THE BUNGLE FAMILY

Resolved:

By H. J. TUTHILL







## THE BUNGLE FAMILY

ANYHOW GEORGE TRIED

By J. TUTHILL



More of The Bungles in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS.



# RANCE KEANE

"THE KNIGHT  
OF  
THE WEST"

by WILL ARTHUR

FOR HUNDREDS OF LONELY MILES ACROSS THE ARID DESERT THE ONLY SIGN OF MAN IS THE MONOTONOUS STEEL TRACK CONNECTING THE CATTLE COUNTRY WITH THE MEAT-CONSUMING EASTERN STATES...

SWIFTLY AND WITHOUT WARNING ONE DAY TRAGEDY STRIKES! A FULL TRAINLOAD OF STEERS IS DERAILED AND WRECKED A FEW MILES OUT OF CRONINSVILLE, THE CATTLE TOWN WHERE IT HAD BEEN LOADED! AMONG THE FIRST TO REACH THE SCENE ARE RANCE AND PEE WEE LEE...



WHAT A RUINED THING  
THAT IS, RANCE!

RUINED IS RIGHT,  
PEE WEE, BUT I'D LIKE  
TO KNOW WHAT  
CAUSED IT!



LET'S TAKE A  
LOOK AROUND AND  
SEE WHAT WE CAN SEE!

ALL I CAN  
SEE IS A  
BLUNCH OF  
BENT-UP IRON  
AND STUFF!



IT MUST HAVE  
GONE OFF TRACK  
RIGHT ABOUT HERE...

THE TRACK  
LOOKS KINDA  
FUNNY THERE,  
DON'T YOU  
RECKON?



THAT SPIKE HAS BEEN  
MOVED! SOMEONE HAS  
INTENTIONALLY DERAILED  
THIS TRAIN!

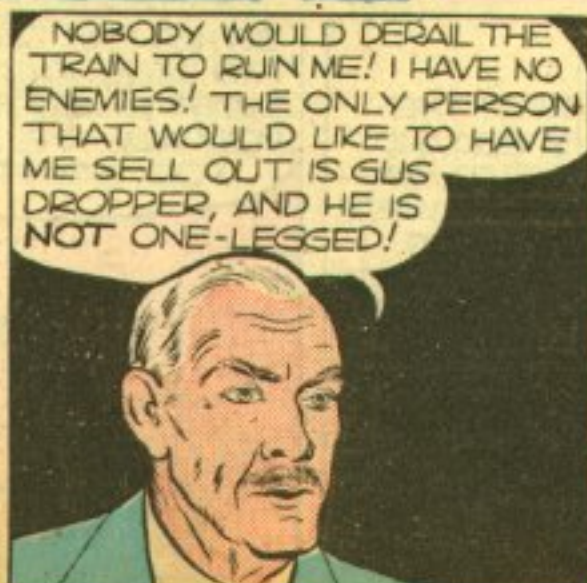
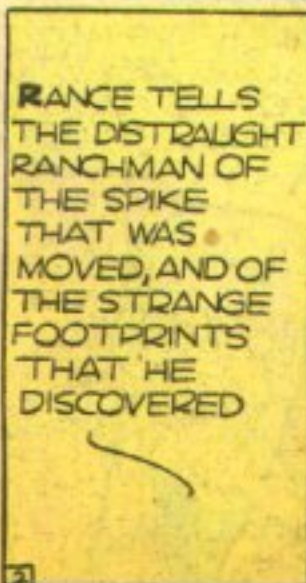
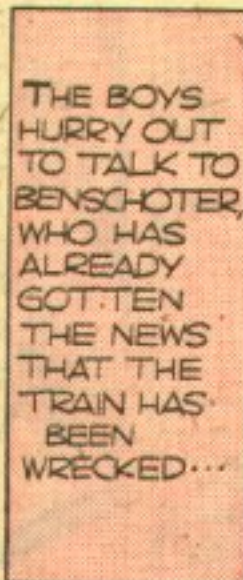
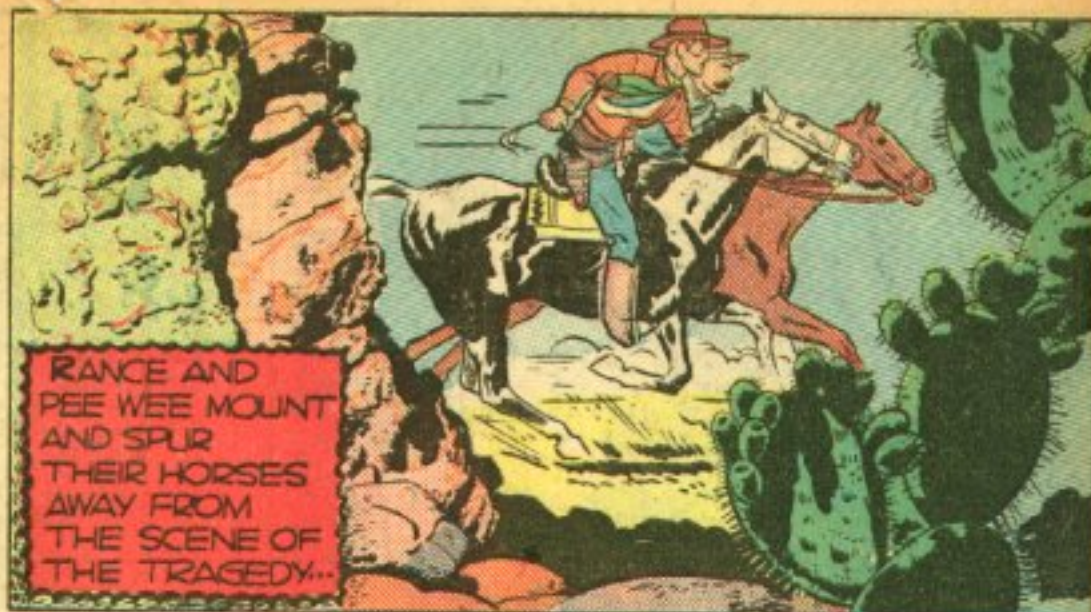


RANCE STUDIES  
THE TRACK AND  
THE SURROUND-  
ING TRACK  
BED AND TAKES  
CAREFUL NOTE  
OF A CURIOUS  
SET OF HEAVY  
FOOTPRINTS  
NEAR THE  
TIE THAT WAS  
TAMPERED  
WITH.....

PEE WEE, WE'VE GOT TO FIND  
THE MAD MAN WHO WRECKED  
THIS TRAIN BEFORE HE STRIKES  
AGAIN! WE HAVE ONE CLUE....  
THE FOOTPRINTS WERE ALL  
MADE BY A RIGHT HAND SHOE!  
WE HAVE TO FIND A MAN WHO  
HAS LOST HIS LEFT LEG!











AS A PRECAUTION,  
RANCE LEAVES  
PEE WEE TO  
WATCH AT THE  
CABIN WINDOW  
WHILE HE GOES  
TO THE DOOR  
ALONE.....



INSIDE THE  
CABIN RANCE'S  
WELL TRAINED  
EYES OBSERVE  
MANY THINGS  
THAT MOST  
PEOPLE WOULD  
FAIL TO  
NOTICE....



WITH THE  
SPEED AND  
AGILITY OF  
A CAT RANCE  
REACHES  
DOWN UNDER  
DROPPER'S  
BED AND  
PICKS UP TWO  
IDENTICAL  
RIGHT  
SHOES...







YOU'RE PURTY SMART, AIN'T YA?



MISSED!

RANCE DUCKS UNDER THE FLYING HATCHET AND.....



TAKE THAT!



STOP! YOU'RE KILLING ME! UGH!

I'LL STOP WHEN YOU TELL ME WHY YOU WRECKED THAT TRAIN!

CRACK

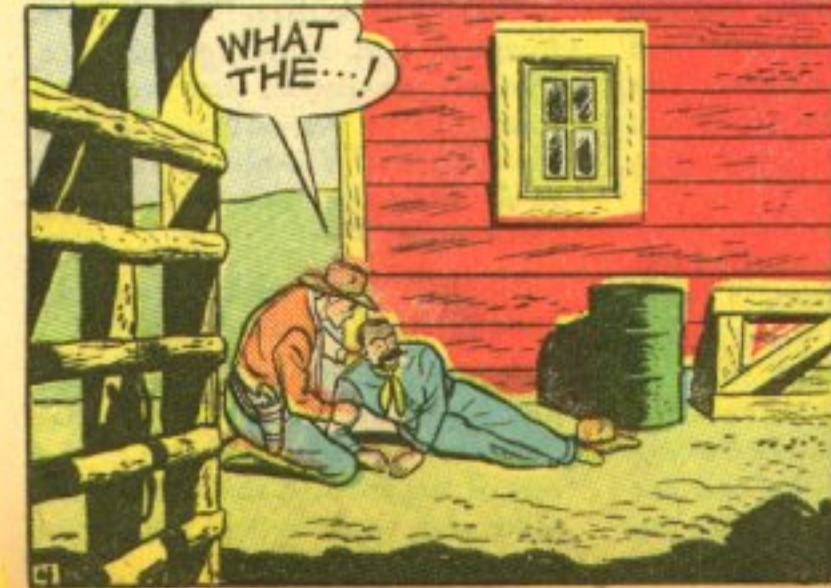


I'LL TELL! I'LL TELL! I FOUND GOLD ON BENSCHOTER'S RANGE AND I WANTED TO BUY HIM OUT BEFORE HE DISCOVERED IT TOO.....



HE WOULDN'T SELL, SO I WRECKED HIS SHIPMENT TO FORCE HIM TO SELL! I USED RIGHT SHOES ON BOTH FEET TO CONFUSE ANYONE WHO MIGHT SUSPECT ME!

RANCE TIES DROPPER SO THAT HE CAN'T ESCAPE AND THEN GOES OUTSIDE TO SEE WHY PEE WEE DIDN'T COME TO HIS ASSISTANCE...



WHAT THE...!



WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, PEE WEE?

I WUZ WATCHIN' THROUGH THE WINDOW, BUT WHEN HE THREW THAT THERE HATCHIT AT YA... WELL... I GUESS I JIST PLAIN FAINTED!



# Whispering Walls

By A. L. ALLEN

"Hey, Roy! Better use your spurs on that nag," Jack called back over his shoulder, "it's going to rain tad-poles and little fishes in a minute."

Roy looked up at the sky and grunted. "Rain my good right eye!" he scoffed. "There isn't a cloud in the sky. The sun's going down, that's all."

"Cloud or no cloud," Jack laughed, "I tell you it's going to rain. If you don't want to get wet you'd better get a move on." He spurred his horse. This tender-foot cousin of his was funny. Didn't know a thing about the West.

They hadn't gone a hundred yards when the rain started to come down in sheets. Suddenly, as though a dark curtain had been drawn across the sky the heavens opened up.

Jack had been raised in this country. He'd seen rains come like that before. There was nothing to do now but take it. But Roy wasn't in a mood to take it. He began to grumble. His suit would be ruined, his boots were already filled with water. They must find shelter some place. Wasn't there any place in this forsaken spot where they could go until the rain stopped?

"Yes, there is a place." Jack was a little irritated. "But I don't think you'd like it."

"Like it? Why not? If it's got walls and a roof I'd like it. Let's go."

Jack grinned. "Okay. You asked for it," he said and turned his horse down a weed-grown path. "It's an old ruin and it's full of ghosts."

"Tommyrot!" Roy scoffed, "no intelligent person believes in ghosts."

"Right the first time," Jack re-

plied cheerfully. "I don't believe in 'em and I'm glad to hear that you don't either. Come on!"

To tell the truth, Jack had never been in this place but once himself. Not that he was afraid. It was only because of the Mexicans working on his father's ranch. They believe very firmly that the place was haunted, and it offended them to have the Americanos scoff at their belief—calling it superstition. So, in order to be polite, you just didn't go around the place. The Mexicans thought, then, that you respected their belief.

Jack rode ahead and pulled aside the mesquite leaves growing so thick and high that they almost obscured the tumble-down ruins of buildings. Once inside the broken walls the whole thing spread out before them.

"Why it looks like it was once a regular little walled city," Roy exclaimed.

"Yes, that's just what it was. Long before the Americans came Spaniards settled here. They built their little towns and then they walled them in to keep out mountain lions, varments and Indians."

The rain had slackened a little now and they rode their horses around the enclosure while Jack pointed out the separate buildings.

"That was the church; you can tell by the shape. And over here was the home of the Alcalde. The same as our mayor," he explained.

"How can you tell?" Roy wanted to know.

"Well, you see, it was the largest house in the group. There were gardens and great trees around it. You can find some of the white stones that bordered the flower beds if you'd like to dig around a bit. And you can see the trees for yourself. Come on,

better go inside and keep as dry as possible."

They dismounted, tied their horses under one of the great trees and went in.

Some of the walls were almost roof high and at one corner they were so well preserved that even the roof tiles were still intact. Over on one side was a fireplace; the tall chimney still rising high above the broken walls.

"Why, that fireplace is still good," Roy exclaimed. "We can build a fire." He started toward it.

"I wouldn't go digging around in there if I were you," called Jack.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a strange, burring, whizzing sound came from the fireplace. Roy had squatted before it.

"Get away from there!" Jack yelled at the top of his lungs, and started on the run. Roy was too dazed to move. He just sat there as if turned to stone. "Wha-a-a-t was that? Wha-a-a-..."

The weird, unearthly buzzing came again. Jack gave Roy a shove that sent him spinning. At the same time his gun roared, and something writhed and thrashed about in the rubbish-filled fireplace.

"Stand back there!" Jack commanded, and, standing well back himself, he racked the writhing thing out of the refuse. "I told you this wasn't a nice place," he said, dragging out a five-foot rattlesnake.

"Ugh!" Roy shuddered, "you're right. I don't like it."

It had grown black as a pocket now and the rain was coming down in torrents. Jack raked the rest of the rubbish out of the fireplace and, when he was sure there



were no more snakes, called Roy into the shelter.

The huge over-hanging top reached out in a semi-circle just clearing their heads as they crept within. They were quiet for a while listening to the rain and thunder. Suddenly there was a terrific crash. Lightning flamed and, for a moment, the compound was as bright as mid-day. Then the rain softened and everything grew quiet.

Through what seemed like dead silence they heard a soft, swishing sound. It came from the wall near the corner of the fireplace.

"What was that?" Roy's voice was terrified. Jack's was none too steady as he replied: "Only the wind whistling through the holes in the walls."

"Bu-but . . . there isn't any wind now." Roy's teeth were chattering. "Let's get out of this place."

As though the walls had heard, the noise came again. Close beside them now, almost at the edge of the fireplace and on a level with their knees.

With a pretense of bravery which he was far from feeling, Jack drew his gun. "We'll soon see what it is," he said in a loud voice. The answer came again. Whispering this time. A gentle, rustling sound coming nearer, slithering along inside the wall, almost into the fireplace.

"It's someone inside those walls, I tell you!" Roy's voice was hysterical now. "Those walls are three feet thick. Somebody could be in them. There is somebody! Shoot! Shoot!"

Jack shot. Nervousness and fear had forced him to pull the trigger. For a moment the air was so filled with flying dust and particles of adobe that they were almost blinded.

A flash of lightning lit up the hole made by the bullet. The soft old walls had crumbled, leav-

ing a hole a foot in diameter. The whispering, swishing noise had stopped.

"Good grief!" Jack giggled foolishly, "Here I've had a flashlight in my pocket and forgotten it!" He pulled it out and flashed it down the hole. A huge dead rat lay just inside. They raked him out. That was the ghost. The whispering, slithering noise—that and the wind.

They flashed the light back in the hole. There was something there besides adobe bricks and mortar. They raked the dust and bricks aside.

"It's a box! An iron box!"

"What do you suppose it is? What's in it?"

"Treasure, of course. What else could it be in a box like that?"

They dug like mad, and at last dragged the box out. A sharp blow with a rock broke the rusty lock. Carefully, almost slowly, as if afraid to be disappointed, they lifted the lid.

It seemed filled with old papers. Yellowed parchment, falling apart with age. Very carefully they lifted them out and put them in a dry corner of the fire-

place. Under the papers was a sprinkling of old coins, black with age. Jack picked one up and rubbed it on his sleeve.

"Oh, boy! It's gold! Spanish gold! We've got a . . ." he looked down in the box and realized there were not very many of them. "Well, it isn't exactly a fortune but it's gold just the same."

Roy had hardly been listening. He was pouring over one of the old papers.

"Jack, Jack!" he cried, so excited he could hardly speak. "They're old deeds, and maps, and land grants, and . . . why Jack, these things are worth a fortune. They're worth much more than that handful of coins!"

"Oh boy, oh boy! Good old ghosts! Walls that listen and talk back to you." Both boys were dancing a wild jig.

"They talked to us all right. They told us where the treasure was. Good old walls! Hurrah for the whispering walls!"

Read **SMOKE SCREEN** in the March issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale January 31st.







A SMALL GROUP OF MEN LEISURELY DINE IN A WATER-FRONT TAVERN. SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND----











AS FORTUNE PROCEEDS  
TO AN OPEN WINDOW...



...WILD REVELRY FILLS THE GREAT  
HALL OF THE PIRATE FORTRESS AS  
THEY CELEBRATE THEIR VICTORY...



HO, JAILER! SEE  
THAT THE PRISONERS  
ARE FED!



JUST MY  
CHANCE!



THESE PRISONERS  
WILL BE A HELP  
TO ME!



OUR ONLY CHANCE TO  
ESCAPE IS TO TAKE THE  
POWDER HOUSE—



SILENTLY THE DESPERATE  
PRISONERS FILE THROUGH  
THE WINDING STREETS  
LEADING TO THE ARSENAL!



THE PRISONERS ARE  
LOOSE! WARN CAP'N  
FLINT!



AROUSSED BY THE SIGNAL  
SHOT, THE PIRATES RUSH  
FROM THE MESS HALL...

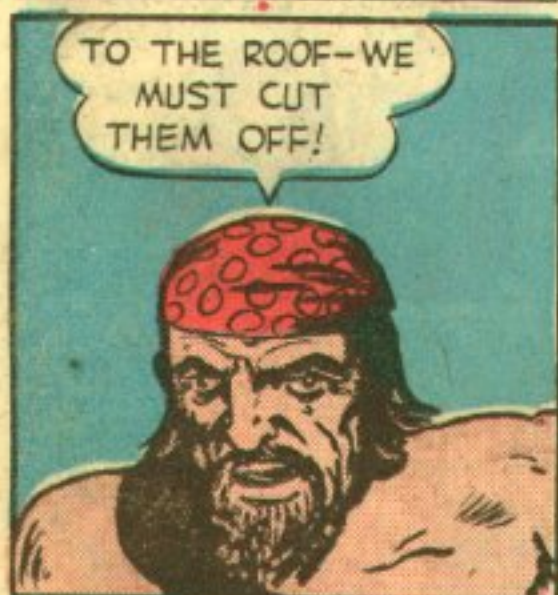


HAVEN'T MUCH TIME—  
HEAVE, ME HEARTIES!  
FLINT SURELY HEARD  
THAT SHOT!



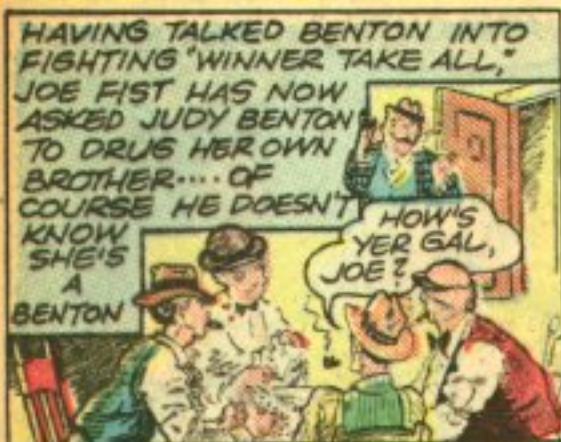
FIRE,  
LADS!



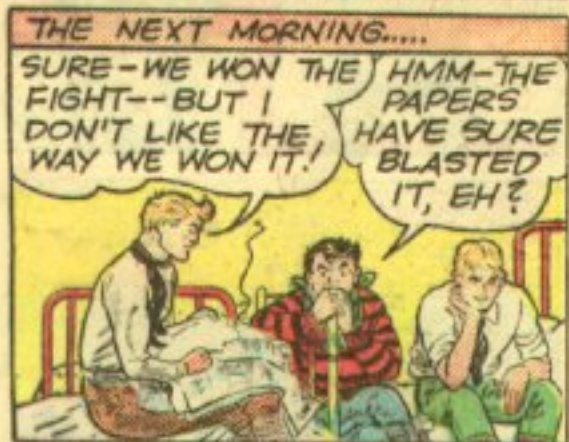


Follow Captain Fortune in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale January 31st.











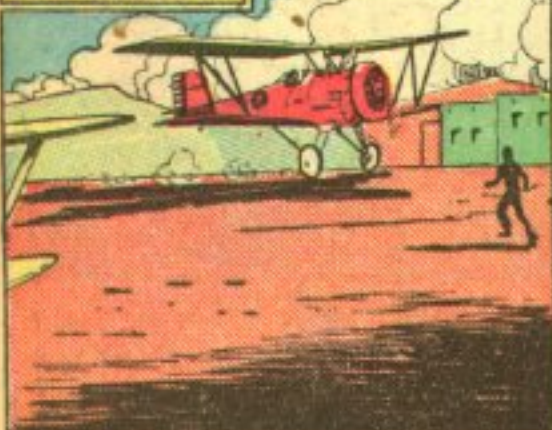
# Spin Shaw

## OF THE

# NAVAL AIR CORPS



ON A SMALL MID-PACIFIC ISLAND A SQUAD OF NAVY PLANES GLIDE TO A GRACEFUL LANDING....



AH! CAPT. SHAW!! YOU'VE ARRIVED AT LAST.....WE'VE BEEN WAITING ANXIOUSLY FOR YOU!

HAVING TROUBLE, COLONEL?



PLENTY! SINCE THE U.S. HAS GUARANTEED PROTECTION TO THIS ISLAND, A FOREIGN POWER IS TRYING TO FORCE THE NATIVES INTO GIVING IT THE TRADE!



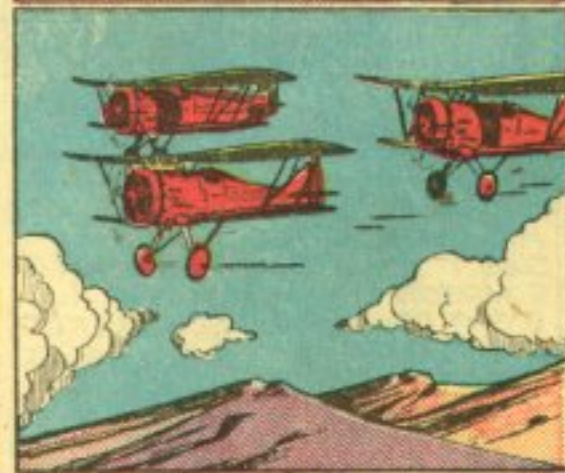
I'VE HEARD OF IT. IF THE FARMERS REFUSE A FLIGHT OF PLANES RUINS THEIR CROPS BY SPRAYING STRONG CHEMICALS ON THEM..RIGHT?



EXACTLY! THEY MUST BE STOPPED, AND THE LEADER CAPTURED! GO TO IT!



TAKING OFF WITH HIS SQUADRON, SPIN SEARCHES THE SKIES FOR THE ENEMY....



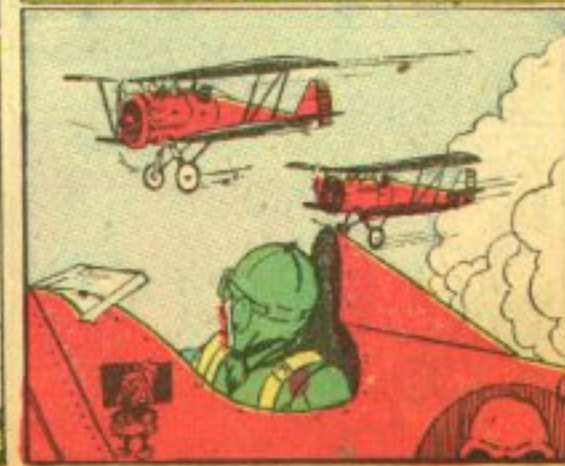
SUDDENLY FAR BELOW, A FLIGHT OF ATTACK PLANES THUNDERS ACROSS THE SKY..



SWOOPING LOW OVER A SUGAR CANE FIELD, THE LEAD PLANE LOOSES A CLOUD OF DEADLY WHITE VAPOR.....

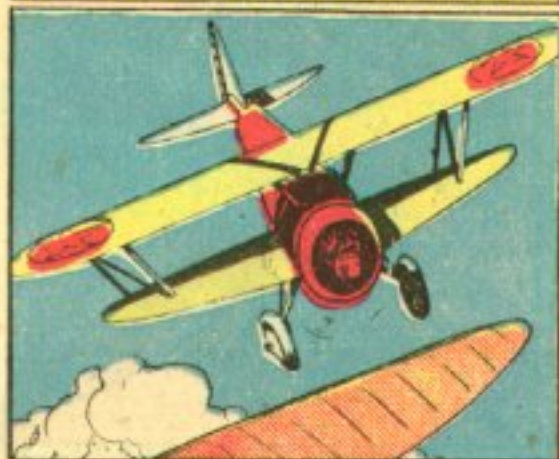


DIPPING HIS WINGS, SPIN SIGNALS HIS MEN TO DIVE IN BATTLE FORMATION.....





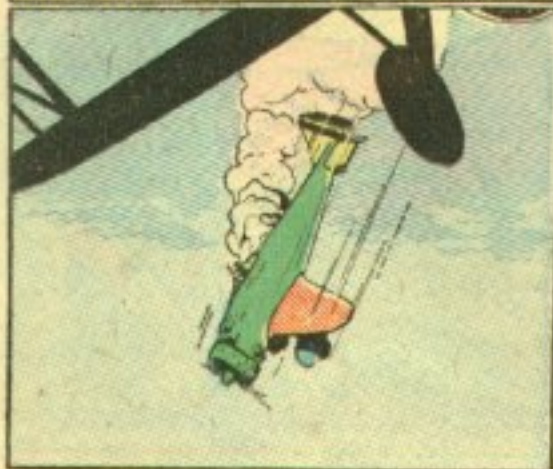
DOWN, DOWN, THEY DIVE, WIRES SCREECHING AND GUNS CHATTERING A WEIRD SONG OF DEATH...



SPIN'S EYES NARROW. HE AIMS CAREFULLY, AND WITH A SUDDEN SQUEEZE OF THE TRIGGERS SENDS A BURST OF DEADLY TRACER BULLETS RIPPING THROUGH THE ENEMY SHIP...



VAINLY, THE ENEMY PILOT LOOPS HIS PLANE TO ESCAPE THE HAIL OF LEAD.....



NUMBER TWO--OH OH! THE LAST ONE IS TRYING TO MAKE A GETAWAY!

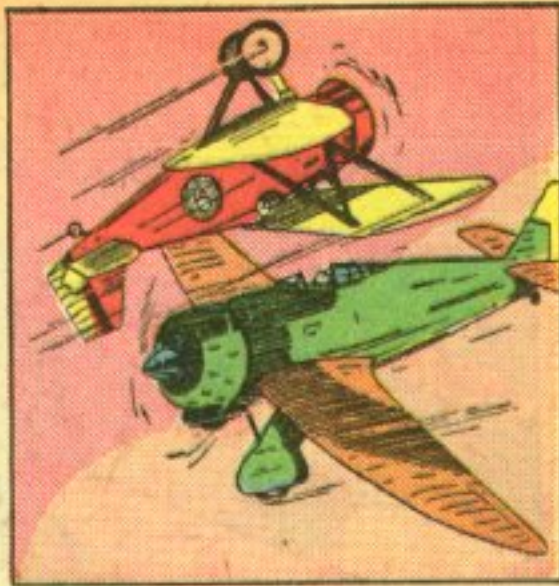


PUSHING THE THROTTLE TO FULL, SPIN SENDS HIS SHIP ROARING AFTER THE LAST PLANE.



WITH A FLIP OF THE STICK, THE ENEMY FLIER LOOPS HIS PLANE OUT OF SPIN'S PATH.....

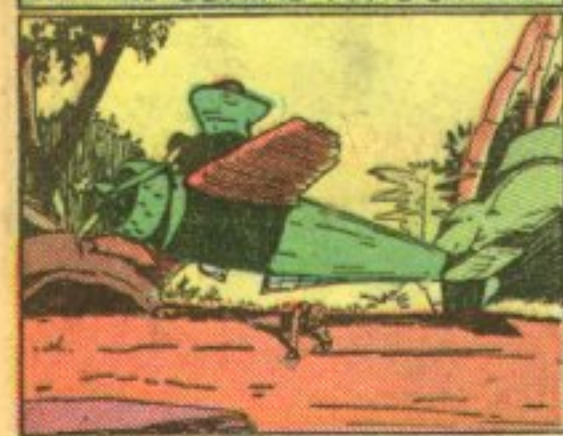




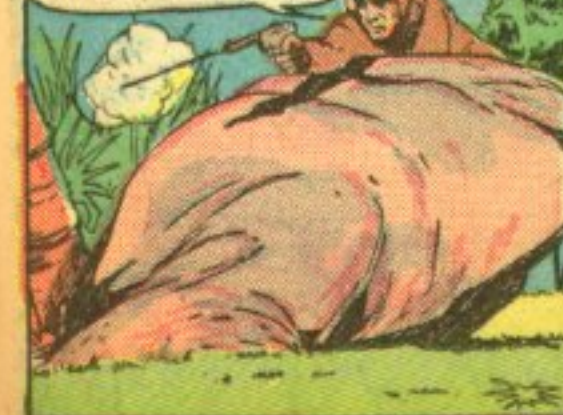
BEFORE THE SURPRISED PILOT CAN RECOVER, SPIN IS ON HIS TAIL, GUNS READY.....



AS THE SMASHED PLANE SETTLES TO THE GROUND, THE PILOT CUTS HIMSELF FREE AND CRAWLS BEHIND A ROCK.....



COME AND GET ME, DOG! ONE STEP CLOSER, AND I'LL SEND YOU TO KINGDOM COME!



IT'D BE SUICIDE TO TRY TO GET ACROSS THE CLEARING.... BUT WAIT! I'VE AN IDEA!



UNSTRAPPING HIS PARACHUTE, SPIN GRASPS A STURDY VINE AND WALKING BACKWARDS UNTIL IT IS TAUT, PREPARES TO SWING ON IT.....





WITH A LEAP, HE SOARS THROUGH THE AIR, SWIFTLY CROSSING THE CLEARING...



AS HE COMES NEAR THE ENEMY LEADER HE SNAPS OPEN THE CHUTE.



SUCCESS! THE CHUTE WILL COMPLETELY ENTANGLE HIM!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT HEAD-QUARTERS, ONE OF SHAW'S MEN RUSHES TO THE COLONEL.



HURRY, COLONEL, I SAW SPIN LANDING OVER THE HILLS!



I THINK HE CRASHED!



I HOPE WE GET THERE ON TIME!



THERE'S HIS PLANE! HURRY UP AND LAND!



SHAW! THANK HEAVENS, YOU'RE SAFE!



THERE'S YOUR MAN, COLONEL, THE FARMERS WON'T HAVE ANY MORE OF THEIR CROPS DESTROYED!



GOOD WORK, MAN! YOU'VE RID THIS ISLAND OF A BAD BUNCH OF CUT-THROATS!



WE ONLY DID OUR DUTY. WE PROMISED TO PROTECT THESE ISLANDS, AND WE DID. THE UNITED STATES ALWAYS KEEPS ITS WORD!



# RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

## BRAIN DERBY BEAUTY TEST

WHY SHOULD A MAN PAY  
RENT IF HIS WIFE LIVES IN  
BEAUTY PARLORS?

WHAT'S PERMANENT ABOUT  
A PERMANENT WAVE?

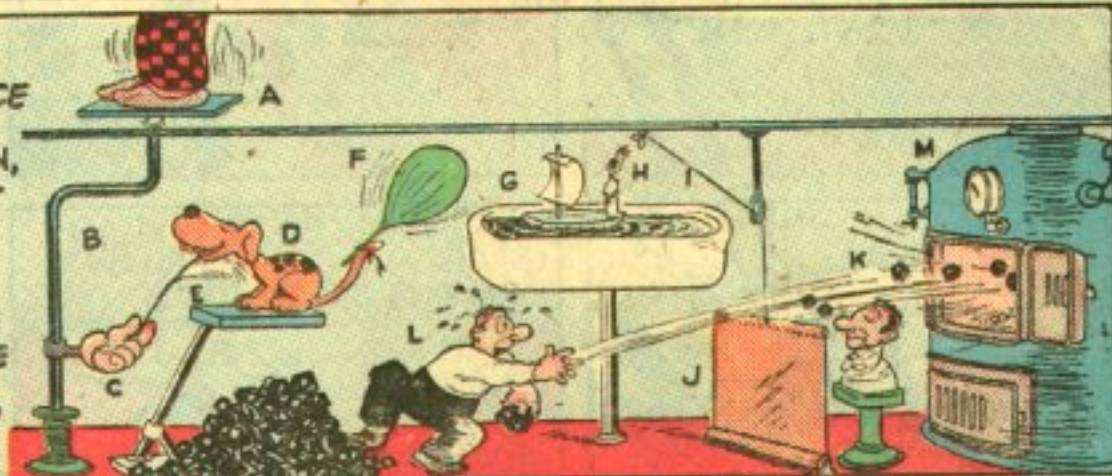
HOW DO THEY KNOW  
JUST HOW FAR TO LIFT  
A FACE... AND WHAT KIND  
OF A JACK IS USED?



BEAUTY EQUIPMENT  
FOR HOME... TO KEEP  
WIVES IN ~

## OUR SPECIAL INVENTION OR A NEW SELF-FEEDING FURNACE

WHEN YOU SHIVER FROM COLD ON  
PLATFORM 'A' IT MOVES UP AND DOWN,  
CAUSING ROD 'B' WHICH RUNS TO BASE-  
MENT TO VIBRATE— HAND 'C' TICKLES  
DOG 'D' WITH FEATHER 'E'. DOG WAGS  
TAIL CAUSING FAN 'F' TO START SMALL  
SAIL BOAT 'G'— CANDLE 'H' BURNS THE  
STRING 'I'—RELEASING WINDOW SHADE  
'J' WHICH ROLLS DOWN REVEALING  
STATUE OF A FELLOW WHO IS HATED  
AND NOW PELTED WITH COAL BY  
MIDGET—THUS FIRE IS FED ~



## FOOLISH QUESTIONS No. 70,413,951



NO! I'M TAKING A  
SALT WATER BATH  
FOR MY FLAT  
FEET, PAL!

DO YOU  
WANT YOUR  
PORT'OLE  
CLOSED,  
SIR?

OH-- MY  
WINDSHIELD  
WIPER IS BROKE  
--AND I CAN'T  
SEE A THING  
!



WHY!!  
I MIGHT  
RUN  
OFF A CLIFF!

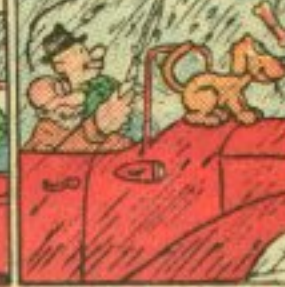


NIBBSY

HERE,  
SIR--  
I'LL  
PUT MY  
DOG ON  
THE HOOD--



NIBBSY  
THAT'S  
ME!



## CANDID CARTOONS



OH! I SEE NOW WHAT'S  
WRONGS—YOUR DIRECT  
CONDENSER IS SHORT-  
CIRCUITING THE JUNCTION  
BOX CAUSING A  
RESISTANCY IN  
THE STRAVIS!

WHEW! THE LAST TIME  
HE WAS HERE HE  
MONKEYED WITH EVERY-  
THING IN THE HOUSE--  
NOW WE GET ICE CREAM  
OUT OF OUR WASHING  
MACHINE!

WHEN MR. "FIX-IT"  
VISITS YOU....



WHAT DIM-WIT  
SAP THREW A  
LIT CIGARETTE  
INTA MY  
TIMBER LAND??

BLAME  
IT ON  
WILBUR

## TWISTED TALES



A CHILD NAMED CAD-  
WALLADER CASPER  
O'DAY,  
WAS TOLD TO LISTEN  
AND ALWAYS OBEY....



WHILE A PRINCE IN THE  
KINGDOM OF ALA-  
MAZOO,  
WAS TAUGHT THAT HE  
SHOULD ALWAYS RULE..



BUT O'DAY WHO WAS  
ALWAYS TAUGHT TO  
OBEY— IS A BIG  
DICTATOR NOW WITH  
A NATION TO SWAY....



WHILE THE PRINCE, IT'S  
VERY SAD TO RELATE,  
IS MERELY A STOOGES,  
FOR O'DAY THE GREAT!



# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

GEE, NIPPIE—  
DON'T  
JUMP  
FROM  
HERE!

AW—WATCH  
THIS CLEVER  
PARACHUTE  
IDEA WITH  
THIS  
UMBRELLA!



## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



IT WAS RIGHT  
ALONG HERE I  
SAW 'EM LAST  
NIGHT, TOM—  
AS I WAS  
TAKIN' KITTY  
TO THE  
MOVIES!

OKAY, MICKEY—  
YOU WATCH  
YOUR SIDE OF  
THE STREET  
AN' I'LL WATCH  
OVER HERE—



THERE THEY  
ARE, TOM—  
IN FRONT  
OF THAT  
JEWELRY  
STORE!!

SURE  
ENOUGH—  
AND THEY'RE  
DOING THEIR  
STUFF  
TOO!

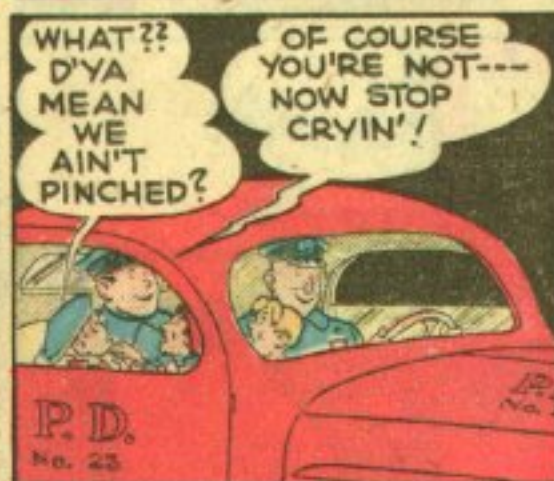


BEAT IT,  
FELLAS—  
THE  
COPS!!

JEWELRY COMPANY  
DIAMONDS WATCHES NOTCHES



A FINE PAIR OF  
COPS! PICKIN'  
ON KIDS! BOOOO!



WHAT??  
D'YA  
MEAN  
WE  
AIN'T  
PINCHED?

OF COURSE  
YOU'RE NOT—  
NOW STOP  
CRYIN'!



THESE ARE THE  
KIDS FOR THE  
AMATEUR  
CONTEST, MR.  
JONES—

OKAY—I'LL  
GIVE 'EM A  
CHANCE,  
MICKEY!

AMATEUR  
NIGHT  
\$100  
IN  
PRIZES



I KNEW YOU  
KIDS WOULD  
WIN FIRST  
PRIZE—HOW  
MUCH DID'JA  
GET?

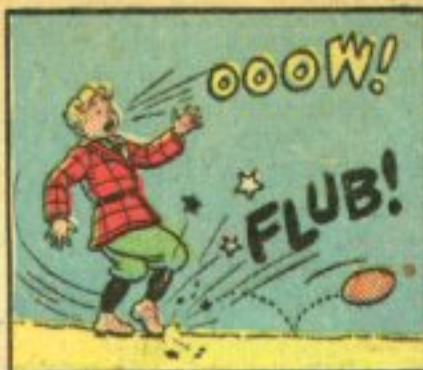
TEN  
BUCKS  
APIECE!

P.D.  
No. 23



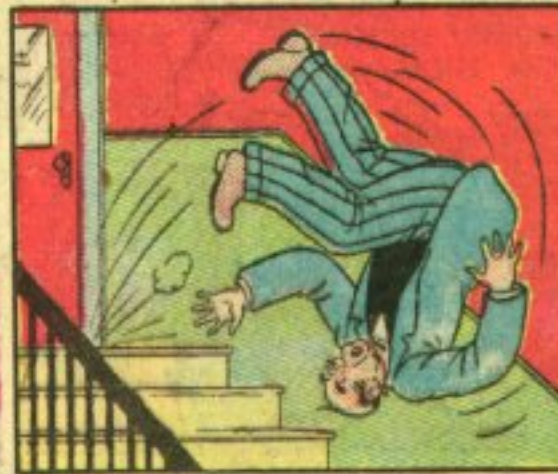
# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

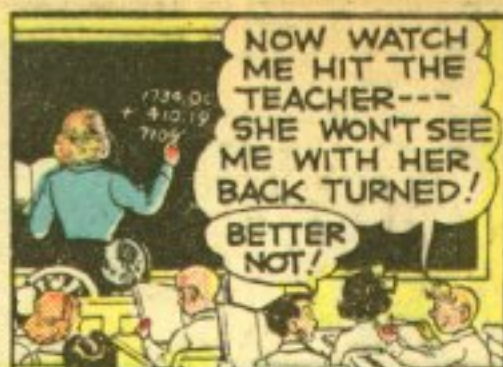


## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

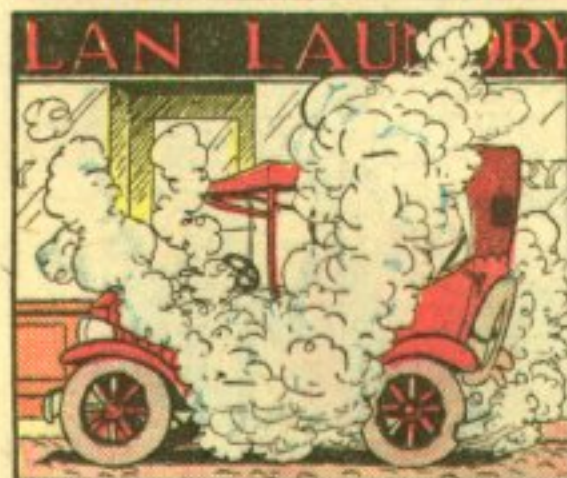




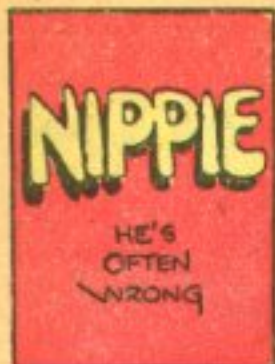


# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

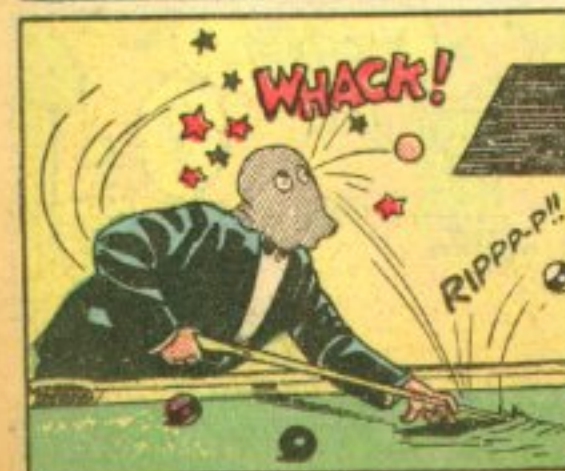
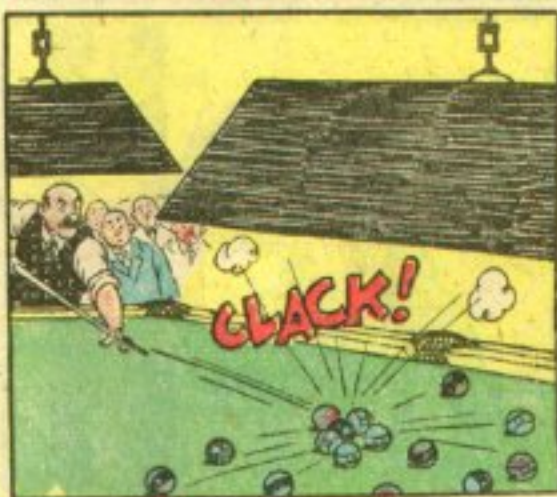






## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



More of Mickey Finn in the March issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale January 31st.



Price Goes Up After  
This Introductory Sale



**Boys PRINT**

**CARDS • CUTS  
TICKETS • LABELS**

From **REAL** Printer's  
Metal Type with **PRINTER'S INK**

## AMAZING NEW PRINTING PRESS

For the first time you can now get a boy's printing press built with parts stamped out like auto bodies—lighter, stronger and cheaper than castings—the idea that makes possible this all-time low price.

**COMES COMPLETE** Equipment includes substantially built, **ALL STEEL** press, mechanically operated rubber inking roller, 3 x 3 1/2 inches steel type chase, 138-piece set of 12 point Gothic type, en and em quads, thin spaces, rigglets, lock-up screws, ink, paper and step-by-step instructions easily followed.

## MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you are not more than delighted with your press, back comes your money. You take no risk, no obligation. Satisfaction or money back.

**SPECIAL  
DURING THIS SALE**

**\$2**

The "LITTLE MAN" Works Like the Famous GORDON PRESS. 1/3 Size  
**PRINTS WITH TYPE THIS SIZE**  
You will get real experience—learn to set type, lock up forms, read proof, make ready, get okays, feed the press—learn to love the smell of printer's ink and know the magic of taking a blank piece of paper and printing words, ideas, powerful enough to move a people, after the manner of Franklin, Horace Greeley, etc. Printing is such fun for boys.

**MAIL  
COUPON  
TODAY**

**SEND  
NO MONEY**

—unless you wish.  
When the postman brings your press pay \$2 plus 60c for charges (Pac. Coast \$2.85) OR, if you prefer attach \$2 plus 35c postage and save Government C.O.D. fee. Mail today before price goes up.

Send "LITTLE MAN" Printing Press.

(. . .) Amount Enclosed

Name . . . . .

Street . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . .

**PECK BROTHERS** 2943 Whitney Ave.  
Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Made in U.S.A.



**WRITE  
TODAY**

**\$8.50**

## BENJAMIN AIR PISTOL With LEVER HAND PUMP

For Target—Small Game—Camping—Etc. Guaranteed  
—Accurate—Practical—Economical—Safe—Clean—  
Quiet. Adjustable Force—Amazing Maximum Velocity No Smoke or Fumes. Bolt Action—Hammer Fire  
—Hair Trigger—Safety Lock—Hand Pump. Single Shot BB \$8.50, Single Shot cal. 177 or 22 with rifled barrel \$8.50, BB 8-Shot \$10.00; Holster \$2.00. Also a complete line of Benjamin Genuine Compressed Air Rifles for BB and cal. 177 or 22. No license required from dealer or factory. Ask for complete specifications and free targets. Benjamin Air Rifle Co., 836 Marion St., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

**FREE!**



**REARWIN  
SPEEDSTER**

**K**IT contains moulded fuselage, metal propeller, printed balsa wings, moulded or turned engine nacelles, colored insignias, cement, tail and rudder, finished wheels and full-size plan.

The Magazine You've Always Wanted

Filled with air stories, sport articles by famous coaches, adventure yarns, stories of cowboys and bad men of the Old West—Cartoons, stamps, advice on hunting, fishing, woodcraft, from Deep-river Jim.

We will send you the next 12 big issues of The Open Road and also FREE and postpaid a Rearwin Speedster. Send your name, address and \$1.00 to Dept. WN, 729 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

with **12**  
THRILLING  
ISSUES  
of



**\$1 ALL FOR \$1**



# Boys! I'LL HELP YOU GET A DAISY FOR Your Birthday —the Frontiersman



**HERE'S HOW I  
HELPED BOB  
GET HIS  
DAISY**  
—the Frontiersman

BOB WANTED A DAISY. HE SAW MY AD (LIKE THIS ONE) IN JANUARY —MAILED THE COUPON FOR HIS FREE BIRTHDAY REMINDER KIT EVEN THO' HIS BIRTHDAY WASN'T TIL MARCH 15.

ON MARCH 1, OR 2 WEEKS BEFORE BOB'S BIRTHDAY, HIS BIRTHDAY REMINDER KIT ARRIVED. BOB READ THE DIRECTIONS — TOOK A PENCIL AND DREW A RING AROUND THE DAISY HE WANTED ON EACH "REMINDER" — THEN THE FUN BEGAN!

BOB'S MOTHER FOUND A "BIRTHDAY REMINDER" UNDER THE MILK BOTTLE ONE MORNING. (COURSE BOB HAD PUT IT THERE!)

EVERY TIME BOB'S DAD PICKED UP A MAGAZINE, A "REMINDER" FELL OUT OF IT.

BOB'S AUNT MARY, WHO LIVES WITH HIS FOLKS, FOUND ONE TUCKED IN HER WORK BASKET ONE NIGHT.

BOB PUT A "REMINDER" IN AN ENVELOPE, MARKED IT **PERSONAL** — **IMPORTANT** — **RUSH** — AND MAILED IT TO HIS DAD AT HIS OFFICE! (THIS PROBABLY DID THE TRICK!)

AT LEAST TWICE A WEEK WHEN BOB'S DAD UNFOLDED HIS MORNING PAPER — A "REMINDER" FELL OUT...

BOB USED HIS BIRTHDAY REMINDERS FOR NEARLY 2 WEEKS, "WORKING" ON THE WHOLE FAMILY.

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, MARCH 15th  
"HAPPY BIRTHDAY, SON"  
"GEE THANKS, DAD!"

**FELLAS! THOSE BIRTHDAY REMINDERS GOT ME A DAISY CARBINE FOR MY BIRTHDAY. WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE SAME SCHEME — JUST SEND THE COUPON BELOW TO HELP YOU GET THE DAISY YOU WANT!**

**Here's  
WONDERFUL NEWS**

BOYS—we'll help you get a quality Daisy Air Rifle for your next birthday IF your birthday comes between now and July 15, 1940! Just do this... mail coupon below being sure to enclose 3c in stamps to help cover OUR postage-handling cost when we mail the FREE BIRTHDAY REMINDER KIT back to you —about 2 weeks BEFORE your birthday. SAY! Which beautiful, accurate, hard-hitting Daisy do you want? Look over the Daisys pictured here... think of the thrilling year 'round fun and target shooting ONLY a Daisy can give you... then get busy. Send coupon and 3c in stamps—send both today in an envelope for your Reminder Kit!

**Use "Birthday Reminders" to Help Get a Daisy**  
Your Free Birthday Reminder Kit contains a whole series of printed "messages" on which you sign your own name—also pictures of Daisy Air Rifles, and other advertising material. Complete Directions are included so you can use "Reminders" to remind your family that you want a Daisy for your birthday. You'll have loads of fun using them. Put 'em under milk bottles, in the kitchen, in the mail-box! On Dad's easy chair! Mail one to Dad where he works! They'll help you "sell" the folks on getting you a Daisy! ACT NOW! Fill in coupon, place 3c in stamps inside an envelope WITH coupon, place a 3c stamp ON the envelope and mail today! (Remember—you won't hear from us again 'til you receive your Reminder Kit 2 weeks BEFORE your birthday—but send for it now!)

**—Or Buy Your Daisy Today!**  
If you have the money (or can get it) to buy your Daisy now—get it at your nearest hardware, sporting goods, or department store. If your Dealer hasn't your favorite Daisy in stock, or if you have no Daisy Dealer — rush the money for it direct to us and we'll mail your Daisy to you postpaid!

**FREE!**  
**SEND COUPON NOW!**

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
492 Union Street, Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.

Please send me—to arrive about 2 weeks before my Birthday—your special new Birthday Reminder Kit with complete directions how I can use "Reminders" to help me get a Daisy for my Birthday. I enclose 3c in unused U. S. Postage Stamps or Stamp, to help cover your cost in handling and mailing the "Reminders" to me.

Month of Birthday \_\_\_\_\_ Day of Month \_\_\_\_\_ Present Age \_\_\_\_\_

MY NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET & NO. \_\_\_\_\_ STATES \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print Name)

PUT 3c IN STAMPS  
INSIDE ENVELOPE WITH THIS  
COUPON before mailing!



**BE A  
FRONTIERSMAN  
CARRY DAISY'S New  
LIGHTNING LOADER Carbine**

Old Scouts and Frontiersmen carried the same style CARBINE Daisy now offers you! Be a Frontiersman—buy this husky, sweet-shootin' 500-shot repeating CARBINE—the fastest-loading air rifle ever! Enjoy these special Features:

- (1) Lightning-Loader Shot Magazine Invention lets you load a full tube of Bulls-Eye Shot in just 5 seconds.
- 500-Shot Repeater—Cock and shoot 500 times without reloading \$1.75
- Single Shot—Holds only one shot at a time \$1.25
- Break Action Single Shot—a genuine Daisy. Ideal for smaller boys \$1.00

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT  
Buy Daisy Bulls Eye Shot for use in the new Lightning-Loader CARBINE and ALL Air Rifles. This uniform, quality, "Chrome-Sheen" steel shot is specially made for accurate shooting. Insist on DAISY BULLS EYE At Your Dealers!



(2) ADJUSTABLE Double-Notch Rear Sight for long and short range work, target or "snap-shooting." (3) Pistol Grip Stock and Wooden CARBINE HAND HOLD, both in rich walnut finish. (4) Heavy Metal CARBINE STYLE STRAP holds "Magazine" Tube under main barrel. Carbine packed in handsome Yellow Carton. Get your CARBINE now at your dealers. Only \$2.50

- Carbine with Magnifying Telescope Sight \$3.50
- Double Barrel 100-Shot Repeater, "Break-action" cocks both triggers \$5.
- 50-Shot Pump Repeater, take-down model with forced-feed shot magazine \$4.50
- Buck Jones Special. A 60-shot hard-hitting outdoor model \$3.50
- Buzz Barton Special—Telescopic-type Sights... \$2.25

**SHOOT THE COUPON and 3c in stamps  
FOR FREE BIRTHDAY REMINDER KIT!**

**DAISY AIR RIFLES**

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 492 Union St., Plymouth, Mich., U.S.A.